THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1872.

Vol. LII. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1872. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. Single Number, 5 Cents. No. 12.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMIL.

Mother Hubbard's dark and rosy,
Mother Hubbard's small and sweet;
Mother Hubbard's simply perfect,
From her forehead to her feet.
This is how I chanced to meet her,
This is how one evening born
For me something better, sweeter
Than I e'er had known before.

In the burning, melting dogdays,
At a moonlit masquerade,
There I met my fair enslaver,
Drinking iced lemonade.
Dainty boot, and silver buckle,
Peeping from a crimson skirt;
Things to which the boldest truckle,
Weapons warranted to hurt.

It was on a night of August,
Scorching hot, the moonbeams lay
On our path, but "every dog must"
(Says the proverb) "have his day."
And I never should have blubbered,
Had it been as hot as Hades,
If alone with Mother Hubbard—
Smallest, sweetest, best of ladies.

Bright her wicked eyes were gleaming
'Neath a naughty peaked chapeau,
Sideways perched—with mischief teeming—
As too well her victims know.
Both her cheeks were blushing roses,
And her lips so sweetly mated,
That a man as meek as Moses,
Couldn't but be aggravated.

Arm in arm we strolled together
O'er the dimly-lighted lawn;
Talked about—well not the weather—
Till upon us peeped the dawn;
Then my Mother Hubbard vanished
With a whiskered fairy prince,
Peace from out my heart is banished,
For I haven't seen her since.

THE FARM-HOUSE ON THE DARBY ROAD—GRAHAM AND HIS COMPANIONS ON THE LOOK-OUT.

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT;

OR,

HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DETECTIVE.

For several seconds Solomon remained in breathless suspense. The savage glances of Corbin showed that he would not hesitate at the murder of any one found listening to his criminal conversations. The Jew was fully aware of the security of his hiding-place, but wished to give Corbin no reason to suspect any mystery, as he hoped to make use of it again to advantage. He therefore remained perfectly still while the two men searched the apartment with their glances, and then advanced to the door leading from the room, and threw it wide open.

Solomon fearing that his absence from the apartment in which he had been placed, might be detected, now undertook cautiously to return.

The spot he stood on was a platform to which descended the steps by which he had come, and from which ascended another flight of steps in the opposite direction.

In his nervous haste he took the latter steps, ascending with heedful and noiseless tread until he had attained the height of the third story.

He now first realized that he had taken the wrong direction, though the appearance was much like that of his point of entry, a few dim rays of light breaking through narrow crevices in the woodwork, and faintly lighting up the place.

Sure that there must be a door here, he felt with nervous hands every point where the fastening was likely to be, the light being too dim to allow the eyes to be used for this purpose. Failing to discover anything in this manner, he drew a match from his pocket and struck it on the rough wall of the narrow passage.

Its bright light kindled for a minute the whole scene, and he saw plainly the outlines of a door before him, fastened by a strong spring near its upper extremity.

The secret of this was easily seen from his present position, and in a moment it was removed, and the door yielding readily to his touch, was slowly and carefully opened.

The scene that met his eyes filled him with utter astonishment. He stood with uplifted hands, and wide-opened eyes, gazing in amazement though the narrow aperture of the door.

Meanwhile Corbin and his associate traversed the entry, looking closely into the rooms on each side, but failing to discover any evidence of a living being.

"It's durned queer, anyhow," Corbin said, at length. "I could take my oath that a man made that noise, but where in the thunder is he? Wait here while I go down and see the boys. He couldn't get out of the house without some of them seeing him. If he ain't gone out I'll have the shanty searched from top to toe."

"I think you must be mistaken about the sound. It appeared to me as if it might have come from the street."

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "My ears ain't easy humbugged. There was something in the shape of a man within hearing of us two minutes ago, of that I'm sure."

Further speech was hindered by a low whistle that came from the back room of the second floor, closely resembling the call of the partridge. It was repeated again and again, as if some one was practising this peculiar call.

"There's that devil's cub of a Patsy with his 'Bob White,' as I'm a living sinner," cried Corbin in a vexed tone. "It's been that blasted young hound that's half-frightened us out of our wits."

Darting from the room, in a minute he returned, holding the boy firmly by the collar, and shaking him at every step as though he would shake him out of his ragged clothes.

"So you've been listening, you young vagabond, have you?" he cried, with a still fiercer shake.

"Listening! What about? What you got here worth listening?" said the boy, defiantly, as soon as he could recover his powers of speech.

"Listening at my door, blast you! To serve you right I'd cut off your busy ears, and stuff them down your throat to stop your confounded tongue."

This was supplemented by a fiercer shake which lifted the lad completely from his footing, and ended by his slipping out of his coat, and falling in a heap on the floor.

"Tell yer what, Joe Corbin," roared the crying but pugnacious child, "if yer do that again I'll plug your peepers. If you are my uncle yer hain't got no right to shake me like a bag of pertaties, and I hain't a-going to stand it."

"You impudent little rat!" cried Joe, reaching for the boy, who slipped nimbly away, "I've half a mind to take a cowhide to you, and pound a little common sense through your dirty hide. Haven't you had lessons enough against putting your durned ear at my keyhole?"

"Hain't been near your keyhole this blessed day," said Patsy. "What the blazes do I want at yer keyhole? What's yer talk to me, hey? Don't keer three clips of a dirty cent what yer got to say. Know enough 'bout you now to treat you to a dose of hemp if I wanted to."

Corbin, in a fury of passion, made a sudden leap for the boy. But Patsy was on the alert, and with one light spring not only reached the head of the stairs, but went rolling down them, bounding from step to step like an india-rubber ball.

Corbin, half restored to good humor in enjoyment of the boy's misfortune, flung his coat after him, crying,

"Out with you now, you blasted little tumble-bug, and don't show your nose in my house again."

The boy, none the worse for his fall, yelled back,

"Reckon I'll come when I'm called; and guess you'll want me afore I want you. Good-bye, Uncle Joe; stuff cotton in your keyhole." Defiantly whistling "Bob White," he slammed the door and was gone.

"Is he to be trusted?" asked Passmore, anxiously.

"Trusted! Well I calkerlate so," replied Corbin. "Spite of his impudence, you couldn't kick my secrets out of Patsy with a pair of mules. I wish everybody was as close."

They had hardly returned to the room and to the colloquy in which they had been thus interrupted, when a footstep came cautiously down the flight of stairs leading from the the third story, and closely peering before him as he advanced, the strange figure of Solomon came into sight.

Slowly and with the utmost care to make no noise, he turned the angle and entered on the lower flight of stairs, down which he proceeded with more confidence.

Arrived at the bottom he went boldly forward, passing through the bar-room in the front part of the building, where several boozy customers curiously observed him. In a moment more he emerged into the street, saying to himself. "That was a rather narrow squeeze through the lion's mouth. But I have learned two things, which will more than pay me for the danger."

But we must leave this scene for the present, as other characters require our attention.

In an elegant mansion, on west Green street, near the Park, sat our friend Harry Graham. It was no regular boarding-house, but the residence of a married sister, who had long, to Harry, taken the place of his dead mother.

He was now sitting in a small room, adjoining his bed-room, which he used as a sort of office, studio, and library combined, and which was plentifully garnished with pipes, pictures, books, and curious articles that he had at various times picked up, instigated by a taste for the odd and unusual.

He was not alone, his companion being a bluff, rather handsome man, of forty-five or thereabouts, with whom he had been in conversation for the last half hour.

"It is a curious affair altogether," this person was saying. "I believe you have not yet told me the name of the detective who went with you to Richmond."

"Mr. Williams. I presume he is well known to you."

"Williams! Williams!"

"Yes, that is the name. Is there anything wrong in it?"

"But, my dear sir, there is no such name in the force. Are you sure it was Williams?"

"Perfectly sure. And sure also that you are mistaken. Why, in the robbery of our store, that took place last winter, this same detective was employed to work up the case. It was on account of his acuteness on that occasion, that I had him to accompany me."

"But I never heard that you recovered the goods lost in that robbery."

"We did not, that is true. Williams succeeded in getting on the right clue, but the burglars had left the country, and have not been heard of since."

"Hum," muttered the other, with a curious look on his face. "Who recommended this man to you?"

"Why, I believe it was John Passmore?"

"And how did you find him on your trip South?"

"Through Passmore again."

"How was it then, that you did not employ him on this occasion?"

"The fact is that I didn't want to trouble John, so went myself to the office. The persons I inquired of did not appear to know him—and as you had been highly recommended to me, I asked for you instead."

"I am not surprised that they could not find you Williams."

"Why?"

"Because, as I said before, there is no such man on the force."

"But, Mr. Wood—"

"It is a fact, sir. There is a curious fact here that needs remembering. Either Mr. Passmore has been deceived by a rascal, or—"

"Or what?"

"No matter. It is best not to suggest unpleasant alternatives. Let us take it for granted, for the present, that he has been taken in by some one who has an axe to grind."

"But no man could have been more shrewd than this man proved on our trip, or tried harder to save my life."

"We don't know his object. He is certainly sailing under false colors; a very suspicious indication."

"Tell me plainly, sir, do you suspect his object?"

"Not at all. I must consider the matter, and try to find out more concerning him. Be kind enough to finish your story. You stopped at your point of entrance into the woods in pursuit of the abductors."

"My search was fruitless. The trace of their footsteps was immediately lost in the gloom of the woods. I searched the place as thoroughly as possible, but it was all in vain, they had disappeared."

"They may have hidden in some thicket, or other close covert."

"So I thought, and I examined several such, but in vain. When I returned to the road I found that John had managed to let the cabman give him the slip."

"How was that?" asked the detective, quickly.

"He heard some noise round the bend of the road, and rode forward to see what it was. When he returned the cabman had taken advantage of the opportunity and driven off."

"And what did he find round the bend of the road?" asked Mr. Wood.

"Nothing more dangerous than a calf."

An odd smile passed over the detective's face at this answer. He evidently thought that John Passmore was acting suspiciously, and that he needed watching.

"Proceed, sir, if you please, with your story."

"We found no clue to the abductors, though we followed the road we were on all the way to Philadelphia, making inquiries of every one we met on the long journey."

"Do you mean to say that you gained absolutely no information?"

"Nothing useful. Several persons had seen a close carriage driving rapidly up the same road, whose driver seemed to answer the description of one of the villains. But on account of our necessarily slow progress in making inquiries, it was far ahead of us when we first heard of it."

"And could you trace it nowhere?"

"No, our last account of it was some ten miles from this city, toward which it was heading. I have no doubt that Miss Worthington is at present hidden somewhere in Philadelphia, and in the power of some unscrupulous villain. Oh! that I had my hand at his throat! Can you conceive any means, Mr. Wood, of finding this secret hiding-place? I have been half crazed with grief and care since this sad event happened."

"Not so fast, Mr. Graham. You have not told me yet what was the character of this last information, or of any of it, in fact. If we wish to unfold this mystery, no stone must be left unturned."

"There is no hope in this, sir. Alas, that I must say so! The parties I questioned were simple countrymen in the fields, or near the farm-houses which we passed, and I simply asked them whether they had or had not seen such a carriage pass. The last one I spoke to was a bluff-looking farmer, or rather a sort of half-farmer, half-landlord, for there was a bar-room at one end of his comfortable-looking house. He was looking over his gate, and answered my questions politely, but rather shortly, as I thought."

"Where was this place?"

"On the Baltimore road, about ten miles out of the city."

"It was, you say, a combined tavern and farm-house. Or rather, an old farm-house turned into a tavern. It stood about one hundred feet from the road, with a paling fence in front. The house having an old-fashioned porch, and being thickly surrounded by trees and bushes?"

"Then it seems you know it, for your description is correct in every particular."

"I know it very well. Describe the man you talked with."

"He was of middle height, and very thick set. He had a bluff, honest-looking face, with a short nose, and mouth mostly hidden by a thick moustache. He was smoking a clay pipe, and was in his shirt sleeves, and otherwise dressed in true farmer style."

"And what answer did he make to your questions?"

"He said he had seen such a carriage, about two hours before, driving at a furious pace toward the city. He added that the horses looked jaded, and he did not think they would hold out much longer, and that if we rode hard we should be sure to catch them. The only strange point I saw in his information was that I had judged from previous accounts that the carriage was at least four hours ahead of me. But then it might have been detained. We got fresh horses further on, and rode as rapidly as possible, but failed to overtake it, or even to hear any more about it. I think it must have turned into some by-road."

"And I think we have found our game," said Wood, coolly. "The fellow you describe is not the landlord of that house, nor is there any such party there. He may be one of the neighboring farmers, it is true, but the house is kept by a bad set, and there has been more than one piece of rascality performed there, to my knowledge."

As he spoke Graham was opening and glancing at the contents of some letters, which had just been brought in. He suddenly exclaimed:

"This is strange! What do you make of this?"

The detective took the scrap of paper handed him, and read as follows, in a much-blotted and scarcely legible handwriting:

"H. GRAHAM, ESQ.—If you want to find the bird that has been stolen out of your open cage, try at the Dodge Farm-house. I think you will find her in a cage there, with iron bars. A. FRIEND."

"By the great Jupiter," cried the detective, springing to his feet with his first show of excitement; "your friend writes a fearful hand, but he knows what he is saying. The Dodge Farm-house is the local name of the place we were just speaking of, and I'll bet my head that Miss Worthington is locked up there."

"Do you really think so?" asked Graham, sharing in the excitement of his companion.

"Think? I am sure of it. I know them well. They evidently knew you were coming, and laid their plans to send you on unsuspicious."

"And what are we to do?"

"Leave that to me. It is now just twelve o'clock. Meet me at the corner of Broad and Market after dinner, say at two o'clock. You have a light carriage?"

"Yes."

"Bring it, then. We will drive out, and leave the carriage at Darby. It will be safest to take the natural conveyance for the rest of the journey."

"We will go straight to the place then?"

"On the whole I think not. I thought first of trying the bluff game. But they are reckless characters. I think now it will be best for you to remain behind at Darby, while I go on and reconnoitre. They would know you in an instant, but I am used to deceiving sharp eyes."

"What course do you think of adopting then?"

"That I can't tell. No general wins battles who makes his plans before he has seen the enemy. I must see first how their force is disposed. Good-day, Mr. Graham. Don't fail to meet me at two, precisely. I am a particular devotee of the virtue of promptness. Have you a good pistol?"

"Yes. One of the best."

"Bring it with you. I never like to use shooting-irons if it can be avoided; but he is the wisest man who prepares for all contingencies. Sharp two, remember."

"I won't fail you, that you may depend upon," replied Graham, rising and accompanying his visitor to the door.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DODGE FARM-HOUSE.

Graham was promptly at the rendezvous and smiled with some amusement to find that the highly-punctual Mr. Wood was not to be seen. There were numerous passers-by, but the only person standing at the street corner was an oldish-looking countryman, dressed in a suit of well-worn woollen goods, and with a dilapidated slouched hat on his head. He wore a pair of blue spectacles, with large, old-fashioned bows, and appeared deeply interested in the movements of a train of heavily-laden freight cars, that was just passing, drawn by a long line of mules.

"Well, so much for punctuality," said Graham, after giving a close and long look around. He had stopped just opposite the old, white-bearded countryman, who transferred his gaze from the cars to the natty-looking vehicle, with its well-groomed black horse that had pulled up so near him.

"May I ax ef you're looking for some 'un?" he questioned, noticing Graham's glances.

"Yes, I was looking for a person who promised to meet me here. A gentleman of about your build, dressed in a gray suit, good-looking, and with his face shaved smooth. Have you seen such a person?"

"Well, now, it sorter seems to me that I jest now seed sich a looking feller. Had he a little yaller dog tied by a bit of string, and one eye bunged up?"

"No," said Graham, turning impatiently away.

"Case, if he had, he wasn't the feller I seed. Say, mister, which way mought you be goin'?"

"A few miles out the Baltimore road," said Graham, somewhat shortly. He was a little vexed at the old man's rude attempt at wit.

"And couldn't yer give an old feller like me a short lift? I live down that way when I'm at hum, and I swow I don't want to foot it."

"No, I am waiting for a friend."

"No offence, I hope. I don't see as you need be so short about it."

Something in the man's tone struck Graham as familiar. At the same time the old fellow threw back his hat, and took off his spectacles, revealing to the astonished eyes of Graham the well-rounded forehead and sharp gray eyes of Wood, the detective.

With a laugh the latter replaced his disguises and climbed into the carriage, saying:

"There. I guess I will do. I have sharper eyes than yours to meet, but they won't have the same reason to be on the lookout for me that you had."

"If they can see through that face, that voice and that accent, they will need to be sharper than men generally are. Do these parties know you, that you need so deep a disguise?"

"I think they do. And I can only learn anything by throwing them off their guard."

While speaking they were driving out Market street, and soon crossed the Schuylkill bridge and turned into the Darby road.

About eight o'clock that evening the tap-room of the Dodge Farm House was partly filled by a number of customers, chiefly farmers returning from a visit to the city, and idlers of the neighborhood.

Among them was an oldish man, with white beard, blue spectacles and a well-worn slouched hat, who had just driven up to the door in a vehicle much the worse for wear, drawn by an animal whose skin seemed as if stretched to dry over the frame-work of its bones.

"Jest a drop of old rye, landlord," he said, addressing the individual who flanked the array of bottles behind the bar. "I'm powerful dry. But I mought well be with sich a muck of dust as there is in the road to-day."

The landlord passed the bottle without a word in reply, gazing closely at him as he did so. The old man poured out the liquor with a trembling hand, and swallowed a generous draught of it.

"Aha! that's the stuff to touch the cob webs," he said, fumbling for his purse. "What's new about here, landlord?"

"Nothing, except the new law that's passed," said the landlord, a small, flashily-dressed man, adorned with an abundance of false jewelry, and with a most sinister expression of face.

"And what mought that be, if it's no offence to ax?" said the old man, finally succeeding in opening the clasps of his huge pocket-book. "You see I hain't been around here much, and hain't posted right sharp."

"The law is that Darby Creek has got to be made to run into the Delaware, from henceforth, seriatim."

The boon companions of the speaker expanded into a broad grin at his wit, behind the old man's back.

"But what's the use in that? Don't it run there now?"

"But that's the beauty of it. Don't you see, the law can't be broken. They want to try and get up some law that will hold water."

"Hold water! That's good. Hold water! Ha, ha, ha," and the old man broke into a cracked laugh. "Can't hold back Darby Creek, I'll bet a cow. Hold water! Come, landlord, what'll you take on that? That's durn good."

"I'll try this liquid," said the landlord, making a secret sign to his cronies. "Rye again for you?"

"Yes, none of your new-fangled hifalutin stuff for Jack Jervis. Rye's my fodder."

"Sensible fellow. I'll try a thimbleful myself, since the old cove's going to stand treat," said one of the others who had crowded up around him.

The old man looked in surprise at one after another of the customers, as they severally called for their favorite drinks, his own tumbler in his hand, arrested in its course half-way to his mouth.

"Well, I'll be swizzled if that ain't cool," he remarked in a low tone.

"What do you say?" queried the landlord sharply.

"Nothing. Here's your good health, and I hope a drop of tipple will never lie cold on your stomach, no matter who pays for it."

With a chuckle the old man drew a bill from his pocket-book.

"There, take it out of that. Hearty fellers all, I'll bet a cow. Can't yer find me a bit of bread and cheese, landlord? I'm sorter empty about the bread basket."

"I guess so. Here, Jack, take this gentleman, and find him something to eat. Appears to be flush," continued the speaker to himself.

As the old man and his conductor passed through a short entry to a back room, they met a person coming in the opposite direction, who answered closely to the description Graham had given of the supposed farmer.

The old man looked at him carelessly through his glasses as he approached, but smiled and compressed his lips significantly after he had passed.

The youth called Jack, led him into the kitchen of the old house, and set before him a plentiful collation of cold victuals.

"Now, Jack, you're a gent, and I like gents. Just go back to the bar and get me a tumblerful of that old rye, and I'll let you drink my health. Here's the dough," giving the youth a piece of money.

Jack did not need much solicitation to join him in his potations, and in fact readily accepted the lion's share. His unseasoned head soon felt the effect of the strong liquor and his tongue grew correspondingly loose. The old man too appeared to be getting the worse for liquor, or else he simulated the actions of a half-intoxicated man.

"Got a good lay here, Jack, my boy?" he asked.

"Bet it is," said Jack, sententiously.

"Much company, hey?"

"Enough, and a bit to spare."

"Take a sip, Jack. I'll drink with you. Here's to good company."

"Particularly the ladies," hiccoughed Jack, drinking with the serenity of an old toper.

"The leddies, of course; bless their sweet eyes. Any here now, Jack?"

The youth went through a series of contortions of cheek and tongue, expressive of intense secrecy and of unfathomable mystery. He rose and tiptoed to the doors, looked out with the deep wisdom of a tipsy man, then returned to his seat, and touching his lips with his left hand, held up the forefinger of his right.

"One?" asked his questioner, going through a similar series of movements.

"Mum's the word."

"How's that, Jack? Under lock, hey?"

"You bet."

"Pretty?"

"As an angel."

"What's the lay?"

"Dunno."

"Wet your whistle, Jack. You're getting dry."

He emptied what remained of the whisky into the boy's glass, leaving but a spoonful for himself.

"Here's her health, Jack."

"Same to you," said Jack, swallowing the strong liquor at a draught.

"Say, couldn't a feller get to see her? Jest a minute, hey?"

"You're a trump, old man," said Jack; striking him familiarly on the back. "I never go back on a trump hand. Follow me." He rose and led the way with drunken dignity up the back flight of stairs.

At this same moment a carriage was heard to drive rapidly up and stop at the door. Throwing his hitching-strap over the post, John Passmore strode into the front door of the house, avoiding the bar-room.

The landlord had hastily left the bar and was there to meet him.

"Any news?"

"Nothing," replied the host. "Things are moving as smooth as water. The gal cries like a mill-dam, but that will not hurt as long as she makes no noise."

"Is Joe here?"

"Yes."

"Send him to me."

The landlord passed into the barroom, and the next minute the farmer, already mentioned, appeared in his place.

"All right, Joe?"

"All gay as a cricket."

The voice of the speaker was plainly that of Joe Corbin. No attempt was made to disguise its natural inflexions, though his face was changed so as to be scarcely recognizable.

"I think this part of the game has been played about long enough. It is time we proceeded with the second part of our plan. I suppose you are prepared to carry out your share of the programme?"

"Of course I am. When do you think to put it in operation?"

"Why, as the coast is clear, and as Graham has given up the search in despair, or had the last time I saw him, I think it might be done to-night. Delays are dangerous. We don't know what might come up."

"That's sure enough. We'll have to leave it though till it's something darker, and till Dodge gets rid of his drunken crew there."

"Yes. It is time enough by eleven or twelve o'clock."

"But my notion is we'd better make a bit of change in the programme. I'm afraid I'm not geared up right to talk sweet. There's Dodge now could beat the eyes out of me at it. What's more, he's acted the stern keeper to the gal, and she hasn't seen me. I think we'd better put him on this lay. It may be well for her not to see me. I may have to try my persuasions hereafter."

"Why, man, your mother wouldn't know you with that face. But you may be right about Dodge. He is a cold-blooded devil, if there ever was one, and I wouldn't like to trust you too much with a crying woman."

"I've got a soft place in my heart for the ladies, I'll give in to that," said the villain, with an exultation of tone, as if he prided himself highly on having one single trace of virtue.

"Come up-stairs. Can I see her without her seeing me?"

"Yes, I have that fixed, as you told me."

Corbin leading the way, they ascended the front stairway to the second story. There were two flights also leading to the third floor, the principal of which they took.

They had nearly reached the top when Corbin, by a slight touch, admonished his companion to halt. Advancing now with the utmost caution, he looked warily from the top stair along the long entry.

Passmore, surprised at this action, pressed to his side and glanced in the same direction.

At the same moment a low, thick voice reached their ears. "Now, old hoss, you've seen the show. It's time to git."

The wary new-comers, glancing cautiously along, saw the figures of Jack and his old companion, displayed in exaggerated proportions by the dim light of the hall.

"Hush, lad, I hain't fairly seed the gal yet."

"They are only a couple of drunken rascals who know she is here and are trying to get a look at her," said Passmore. "There has been double dealing somewhere or no one would know about it. Is Dodge playing the sharper on us?"

"The boy is a son of Dodge's. He seems to have got afoul of the whisky bottle, and to have brought one of his drunken friends up here. I move we make for them and kick the pair of them down-stairs."

"Agreed," replied Passmore.

But there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. With a sudden rush Passmore and his companion came upon the unsuspecting confederates. Corbin grasped the boy, and turning him sharply round began kicking him along the entry toward the stair head.

Passmore made a grasp for the old man, who suddenly rose up from his position at the door, just as his antagonist had seized his hat and the hair beneath it. Not only the hat came off in his hand, but the hair also, a wig of white hair being torn off in the grasp, and with it the spectacles the man had worn.

There now appeared to Passmore's astonished eyes the figure of a tall, strong-framed man, with short brown hair where the white locks had been, and the high forehead and keen eyes that we have already noted in Wood, the detective. The only evidence of age remaining was the white beard and moustache.

Corbin turned at hearing the slight scuffle behind him, and with astonished eyes beheld this spectacle of a young, strong man in place of the decrepid and drunken old fellow who stood there a moment before.

His surprise was increased at seeing Passmore knocked prostrate to the floor by a quick, strong blow from the fist of this dangerous-looking stranger.

"Hold there, my covey," he cried, as the person advanced toward himself, "two can play at that game. By the blessed piper I'll put a bullet through you, if you take another step!"

"Shoot and be hanged!" cried Wood, rushing fiercely forward, heedless of the pistol presented by the desperate Corbin.

The next instant there was heard a short, sharp report, and the form of the detective fell with a heavy thud to the floor.

CHAPTER X.

IN AMBUSH.

Graham had remained behind in the village of Darby, with certain instructions from Mr. Wood. Before leaving the village, the latter had seen the police authorities, and had obtained the aid of a constable and of four or five other men selected for the purpose, who were, in case he should not return by ten o'clock, to approach and surround the suspected house.

The hour arrived without any sign of the detective, and Graham, marshalling his small force, put them in march for the desired point.

The constable knew not only the locality, but all the surroundings of the house, having had business there more than once before.

Agreeably to Wood's instructions he left the road on approaching and took to the fields, advancing cautiously till they had gained the yard immediately surrounding the edifice. Here he carefully posted his men behind trees and bushes, so that a view might be had of the house on all sides.

Here they were instructed to lie close, and watch every movement in the house, a signal being agreed upon by which they could in a moment be called to any point. The object was to await in this position of vantage the result of Wood's explorations, to prevent any possible removal of the lady prisoner through their line, and to be ready to take advantage of any discovery made by the detective.

Graham took his position behind a good-sized oak that grew nearly in front of the house, and close to the path leading to the bar.

Their vigil proved much longer than they had anticipated. It was very near eleven o'clock by the time they had got fairly posted. Wood, by his agreement, should have been on hand to meet them, yet though the night moved on till near twelve, no signs of him were visible.

The customers of Dodge's array of black bottles had for some time left the house, passing almost within reach of Graham in various stages of drunken dignity and tipsy sobriety. All had grown remarkably still. Though the light in the bar-room still shone, there was no sound or other evidence of life to be observed.

From where Graham was posted a dim light could be seen in one of the windows on the third floor, but so obstructed by closed blinds as to be scarcely visible.

In default of any other indication of life he kept his attention directed to this point. There was heard, after a period of silence, a faint murmur as of voices, which seemed to him to come from the locality of the light.

This sound gradually grew louder, and became plainly distinguishable as the human voice. He could even distinguish male and female tones, and fancied that the latter were familiar to his ear, the loved accents of his betrothed.

This, however, was but the pure rendering of fancy, it being impossible to individualize so faint a sound. As he continued to listen intently the tones grew louder, particularly that of the man, and his keen hearing was able to catch an occasional word, but not to distinguish any coherent sentences.

Near an hour had now passed since they took their positions, and the time was rapidly approaching midnight. At length the voices rose into clear, loud tones. It was plainly the voice of Alice speaking in high excitement, alternated with a coarse male voice raised to a still higher pitch. As before only separate words could be distinguished, and it was impossible to tell what they were saying.

This ended in some quick movements, and a wild call for help, followed by a loud noise, that fairly shook the old building; the next instant was heard a dull thud, as if a heavy blow had been given.

Low tones followed for an instant, and then the shutting of a door, after which all lapsed into the previous silence. At the same moment a clock in the house slowly struck the hour of midnight.

Graham rose to his feet excitedly, regardless of his concealment. Who could tell what these sounds betokened? Perhaps some dreadful crime had been committed! Perhaps Alice had felt the force of that fierce blow!

He was on the point of rushing into the house, when two low, successive whistles met his ear, the signal fixed on to call them together. Changing his purpose he moved cautiously toward where he knew the constable to be hidden. He found this person concealed behind a thick clump of lilac bushes. One by one the others came in from various directions, till, in a few seconds, the whole party were assembled.

"Boys, them noises mean something," said this worthy Dogberry.

"And is that all you called us here for, to make that wise remark?" asked one of the party, who seemed to entertain no exalted opinion of the abilities of the constable.

"No," said the latter, indignantly. "It's about time for us to begin to do something. I called you up to hold a council as to the next best action."

"And there may be a dozen people left the house since we left our posts," replied the other. "We had much better stayed where we were."

"I think not," said Graham. "We must enter the house, and at once. Those sounds betoken some fearful mystery. The continued absence of Mr. Wood is growing suspicious. We should not lose a moment in searching the house. There may have been murder, for all we know to the contrary—and every moment spent here is a moment of advantage to the criminals."

"True enough," said the previous spokesman. "Our plan should be to enter the house, station one of us at the foot of each flight of stairs, while the rest examine the rooms of the lower floor, and thus cautiously advance to the upper stories, so as to thoroughly search the whole house."

"And do you calculate to walk into Bill Dodge's house as if you were opening a gate and walking into a pasture field?" sneeringly asked the constable. "It's no fool your playing with now; be sure and bear that in mind."

"We are losing precious time here," said Graham, weary of so much talk, where immediate action was required. "Some plan of action must be adopted at once, and as we have no time to deliberate, we had better accept the one offered. Follow me to the front door."

Without waiting for an answer he started for the front of the house, several of the others going, at a whispered injunction from him, to try the other doors, and see if any of them were open. The front door was found not only unlocked, but standing ajar, and Graham at once led the way in, not waiting for the return of those sent to the other doors.

A couple of minutes sufficed to look into all the rooms on the ground floor, they standing invitingly open as if courting investigation.

There was nothing suspicious here, and no signs of life, save a dog in the bar-room that met them with a low growl, which was instantly hushed on hearing the familiar voice of one of the party.

This signal of danger, however, was enough to arouse the wary publican, and the next instant he came lightly down-stairs, lamp in hand, and shading his eyes the better to see who stood below.

"How now, gentlemen?" he said. "It's rather late in the day to want to liquor up. And what's more I don't see how you got in. My front door was locked, or should have been."

"There's many a thing should be that ain't," said the self-appointed spokesman of the constable's party, "You should be a straight man, and should have honest doings in your house. But you ain't."

"Hang you for an insulting liar," cried the landlord. "Get out of my house instantly the whole mess of you, or you'll have reason to wish that you had minded your own business."

"We've got State business to mind, Dodge," said the constable. "Consider yourself my prisoner."

"See here, Luke ——" began the host, in excited tones.

"I see all I want to see. Now cool down, Dodge. Nobody's going to hurt you, but you've got to give yourself up quietly or it will be worse for you."

The landlord looked at the spokesman as if he would like to try conclusions with him. After a moment's thought, however, he seemed to change his mind.

"Well," he said, "for the life of me, I can't tell what brings you here. I am, and I always was, a law-abiding citizen—and if the law has any good claim on me, I am ready to answer. Before this goes any further though, I'd like to know what I've been doing."

"Aiding an abduction, and hiding the stolen lady in your house," replied the man who had previously spoken. "She is here now, and it is our business to get her before we leave."

"Oh, if that's your business, get her. I've no objection. Here's my house in your hands. Search it from top to bottom. But mind you all—so sure as you don't find anything, I will prosecute you for housebreaking."

"Prosecute ahead, my boy. You are welcome to all you can make by it," said the other, leaving Dodge in the charge of the constable, and springing lightly up-stairs.

Graham had already preceded him, and had pretty thoroughly examined the second floor before the other reached him.

At this moment they heard a voice singing in the maudlin tone and with the thick utterance of a drunken man. The next instant the boy Jack came into sight, and advanced straight toward them, with an unsteady motion.

"Hallo, my coveys, what's brung you here, I'd like ter know!" was his greeting.

"We just stopped round to make a friendly call on you, Jack," answered the man, who appeared to know him. "You're a nice boy for a small party, now ain't you?"

"As long as you says so, I spose so," said the boy.

"See here, Jack, I've heard some of the fun that's been doing. How about the handsome young lady that you've got here like a bird in a cage? ha! my boy," and he poked the boy familiarly in the side.

"You know a blasted lot 'bout it, now don't you? 'Bout as much as you're goin' to, I reckon. Got 'nuff to-night a'ready by talkin' too much, and am goin' to keep my tongue inside my teeth now! that's my politics."

"Do you think you can shut my eye up, Jack, my hearty? I'm too old a bird for that. Didn't I see her myself? and a pretty creature she was too."

"Oh, if you seen her—But get out; you're blowin'. Can't pump me, Jim Jones, with none of your soft soap. Had 'nuff of that to-night with the old cove, who tried it on heavy."

"And where is he?" interrupted Graham, who supposed that he must refer to the disguised detective.

"That's tellings. He's where all meddlin' fellers oughter be. But you can't screw anything out of me, and there's no use tryin'. You oughter seen him peel," continued the intoxicated youth, laughing as if with a sudden comical recollection. "The other cove jest took him by the hair, and he pulled about twenty years right off the top of his head. I bet he give him an awful right-hander, wuss than if a mule kicked him."

By this time the rest of the party had ascended the stairs, leaving the landlord in charge of one of their number below.

"Come, men," said Graham, "we shall have to try the third story. Bring this boy along. It is plain from his talk that he knows about the whole affair, and that Mr. Wood has been foully dealt with."

They followed him to the upper floor without a word. At the head of the stairs here, ran a long entry, with rooms on each side of it, while at one end ran down a second staircase.

On this was heard a rustle as of a woman's dress.

"Run down there and see what that means," cried Graham to one of the men.

The man did so, but returned after a minute, saying:

"It's only Mrs. Dodge. She's been hiding up here, frightened, I suppose."

The door in front of which they stood had a grating near its top, as if for the purpose of looking in. It was evidently the prison room. It faced the front, the direction in which Graham had heard the noise already mentioned.

He was on the point of looking in through the opening, when the attention of all was attracted by a loud knocking at the inside of a door further along the passage.

"Who is in there?" the constable asked Jack.

"Durn my eyes if I know," answered the boy. "Mebbe it's the queer old cove that tried to play sharp on me."

"Open the door!" cried a voice that sounded familiar to Graham.

On examining the door the key was found in the lock, and a single turn being made, the door was flung open violently from within.

On the threshold appeared a nondescript figure. It was the old countryman's dress and white beard, though the latter and the lower part of the face were stained red with blood, flowing from a fresh wound in his cheek. The upper part of his head displayed the brown hair and keen eyes of Wood, the detective.

"Well, this is a queer go," cried one of the men, laughing at the strange figure.

Without a word Wood rushed along the passage to the grated door, followed by the others, and struck it a vigorous blow with his foot. The stout door resisted, however.

"Try the latch," cried the man called Jones. "Maybe it's not locked."

His advice was acted upon, and the door opened at a touch. He flung it wide open, the eyes of all being instantly directed to the interior. There was revealed a good-sized, sparsely-furnished room, with a lamp burning dimly on a table in the centre. Its light illuminated the whole apartment, and rendered one fact instantly evident to all. The room was empty.

Graham sprang suddenly forward, and seized a small scarf that lay on the table beside the lamp.

"She has been here," he cried, in excited tones. "This is her scarf. Search the other rooms instantly. She has been removed and locked up elsewhere."

"Not at all," said the detective. "This is just what I expected to find. Our game has flown, and we must be after it like the hawk after the chicken. There has been something strange going on here, as you may have heard. Who is on guard below?"

"Nobody."

"The devil! You must have let them all slip through your fingers," he shouted, making one leap to the head of the stairs, down which he went in rapid bounds. At the same instant the sound of carriage wheels in swift flight was heard below.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRIGANDS IN ITALY.—There are still eleven organized bands of brigands in Italy, but they do not seem to be considered so formidable as their terrible forerunners, judging by the prices set upon the heads of their leaders. The following is a list of them, with the prices allowed to their captors; Manzi, 12,000 francs; Padovani, called the Capucin, 23,215 francs; Aliano, 21,505 francs; Francolino Narca, 6,427 francs; Tunella, 6,937 francs; Digiacomo, D'Agrossa, Vaccaro, Rugiero, 5,437 francs each; and Parcute, 500 francs.

☞ Russia leather umbrella-covers are the latest expensive weakness.

JACK EVERSON'S RETURN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNE L. FORCELLE.

My name is George Anstruther. I am of the firm of Anderson & Anstruther, attorneys, New York, but at the time of the occurrence which I am about to relate, I was only senior clerk in the lower office of the old firm.

I shall relate just what occurred without a single addition or deduction. Those who know me will not doubt my word, and those who do not know me, will not accuse me of an attempt to deceive them, when I assure them on my honor that what I relate certainly took place.

I am constrained to speak of myself more than is my habit, for it is of Jack Everson, my dearest, and, in fact, the only friend I ever had, of whose return I am to tell. At my father's death I was left alone in the world with the exception of a sister, several years older than myself, and a half uncle who was appointed my guardian. Uncle Rufus was a hard, miserly man with no love for his half brother's children, and he disposed of us, and our affairs, as quickly as possible. Sarah was found a situation as English assistant in a school, and I was sent to college with the understanding that I was to study hard, get through as quickly as possible, and after the completion of my college course take all responsibility of myself off his hands.

It was during the first of my second year that I, going up the dark, narrow stairway leading to my room, with my arms full of books, met Jack Everson for the first time. As I was passing him, my foot caught, and I nearly fell, but recovered myself at the expense of dropping my entire burden.

I had scarcely looked at him until then, but as he bent to assist me in recovering my scattered property, I glanced at him furtively, and as he straightened himself back, and looked at me with his wide blue eyes, I could not help smiling back at him; he was so bright and handsome, and yet so boyish looking.

"Thanks," I said, hesitatingly, wanting to say something more, and hardly knowing how to express myself.

"You are very welcome," he answered, and then, the color deepening in his fresh face, "I am a new boy, sir. Can you tell me where I am to room?"

I could scarcely repress a smile as I heard this newly-admitted collegian calling himself so candidly "a new boy," but I did not betray my amusement.

"We are pretty full now," I said. "You probably room with some one else. Have you no direction?"

He handed me a slip of paper on which was written in Professor Henry's bold hand. "Anstruther, No. 15," and I looked at him with a new interest.

"I am George Anstruther," I said, and then he raised his hat in a gentlemanly way, which contrasted oddly with his boyish appearance.

"I am John Reginald Everson, commonly called 'Jack.' I hope we shall be friends."

"I hope we shall," I answered, with a cordiality which was unusual with me, for there was something about the handsome young fellow that impressed me favorably, and laughing, he took part of my books from my heavily-laden arms, and followed me to my room.

It was almost wonderful the friendship which sprung up between my room-mate and myself; we were so different in every way. I was silent and reserved, even in childhood—"sullen" and "moody" my father and sister had always called me; and as my mother—the only one who had ever understood me—died while I was very young, I had grown more undemonstrative and self-contained every year. I was grave and taciturn, fond of study, and old-looking beyond my years, caring little for company or gayety, while Jack was just the reverse. He was thoughtless, light-hearted, and rollicking, full of the oddest whims and fancies, and always the first in any mischievous frolic, and the ruling spirit of the "good times" among the other students. It was indeed wonderful how we grew to love each other as we did. Everybody liked Jack, from the freshest of the freshmen, to the most dignified of the professors; and everybody was heartily sorry when, on the death of his father, he left college and did not return.

For the next year or two I saw nothing of him. I obtained a situation as junior clerk in the lower office of a law-firm in New York, and worked steadily and faithfully, hoping for promotion. I was wretchedly lonesome in the great city, for it was not easy to break through my habitual reserve and make new friends. But one evening, as I sat in my dreary room at my boarding-house, almost overpowered by my loneliness, "A gentleman to see you, sir," roused me, and I, wondering who it might be, went down into the parlor.

Could it be Jack Everson who rose to meet me? I almost doubted my own eyes, but the cordial "college-grip" assured me that it really was, and I was more glad than I could tell to see the dear fellow again. I could scarcely realize that it really was Jack for some time, he was so altered. He had left college looking as boyish and irresponsible as ever, in spite of his tall figure and broad shoulders, but the years since had changed him greatly.

How handsome he was! My admiration for him was almost womanish, and I stared at his bright face, with its wide, honest eyes, its heavy, drooping moustache, and its crown of golden hair, until he fairly laughed at me. He remained in New York that Winter, and we roomed together, as we had done in college. That was the happiest Winter of my life, but when Spring came, Jack, seeing, as he thought, a business chance in the West, left me once more, hopeful, light-hearted, and sanguine as ever.

I heard from him at intervals during the after years, and he seemed to be doing finely in his new home; but one day there came, figuratively, a thunder-bolt into my quiet life—Jack was married!

I did not believe it at first, not until a long letter came from Jack himself, so full of genuine happiness, and overflowing with descriptions of the "dearest little girl in the world," (she was a girl from Maine, by the way, who had gone West as a teacher), that I stifled the feeling of regret which rose in my heart, and sent my love and best wishes to Jack and his young wife.

About a year after that a little daughter was born to the young couple, and then not a month after, the news came that Jack—strong, healthy, handsome Jack—had been stricken with a fever, and, after a short illness, was dead.

No mother could have mourned more sincerely over the death of her best-beloved child than I did over the death of my only friend. I was never a lovable man myself, and when Jack was no more, I felt that I was entirely alone, and that his vacant place would never be filled. I should never marry, I should never have another friend like the one I had lost: but when the first shock was over, I thought of the young wife with no one but her baby to comfort her in her great sorrow—alone in a strange land, and I felt that it was my duty to care for her.

I wrote to her at once, offering her any assistance in my power, and in return received a letter, written in a faint, school-girl hand, thanking me warmly for my kindness, (as she termed it,) and telling me that she and her baby were just starting for the East. Jack's business, which had seemed so prosperous, had, on being settled up after his death, yielded her barely enough to carry her away, and she gratefully accepted my invitation to make her home with me—"for a little while," she said—until baby gets a little older and I am strong enough to teach again." Such a brave little woman as she was! All through the letter she spoke of the care and kindness of Mr. Flournay—Jack's former partner. "He has been so kind," she wrote: "he saw to everything after Jack's death, and took every bit of care and responsibility, leaving me to myself until the worst was over. Poor man! that unlucky speculation into which Jack persuaded him was the ruin of the whole firm, but he begs me not to worry over it. 'It can't be helped now,' he says; and he has done everything in his power to help me."

I went down to the depot to meet her on her arrival, and as I saw the sweet, flower-like face of the little lady whom the conductor pointed out to me as Mrs. Everson, my heart warmed toward her at once, and when the baby, a laughing, cooing, pretty child, with Jack's own wide eyes, looked up at me and put out her fat, white arms for me to take her, I was melted completely.

I was then senior clerk, and Sarah (my sister) and I were keeping house, in a quiet way, just outside the city; and we took the poor little woman into our home and hearts at the same time. Sarah fell in love with her at once, and as for the baby, no words could express her admiration for it.

My sorrow for Jack found relief in caring for his widow and child as tenderly as I could: and as the days went by, I tried to make her forget, as much as possible, the great grief which shadowed her young life. And now I come at last to the strange part of my story.

It was on the evening of the 20th of March, 1860. I remember the date, for it was on that day that the great case of Lindsay vs. Harris came up for trial. There was a deal of business on hand that day, and I remained after hours to look over some papers. It was rainy, cloudy, dark weather, and I lighted the gas in my little room much earlier than usual; there was no one in the building after six o'clock except the janitor and myself. It was about a quarter past eight when I finished my work, and I was sitting by the fire, dreading to go out into the storm, when I was startled by a knock at the door down-stairs—a knock which echoed loudly through the passage-way—and as I was wondering who should come at so late an hour, Grey, the janitor, looked in upon me.

"A gentleman to see you, sir; an old friend, he says."

"Show him up," I said, wondering a little what "old friend" it was, and then, as I turned to the fire again, a cheery voice rang out as of old:

"Hillos! George, old fellow, don't you know me?"

Know him? I could have sworn to that voice anywhere, and springing to my feet, I saw Jack Everson, dear old Jack, with the old mischief in his wide blue eyes, the old merry smile on his handsome face, standing in the doorway.

The surprise and the great rush of joy were too much for me, and for the first time in my life I turned deathly faint. When I came to myself again, he was bending over me, full of tender solicitude.

"I ought not to have startled you so," he said, self-reproachfully. "It was just like my carelessness—dear old George."

And then we sat down before the fire, side by side, and Jack talked on in his laughing, whimsical way, to give me time to collect myself, while I watched him with my heart full of thankfulness—touching him in my foolish, womanish way—now the bright locks falling over his forehead, and then his hands, to assure myself that it was in reality he and not a dream.

He rattled on in his old way for awhile, and then, growing suddenly grave, sat looking at the fire without speaking.

Some way, although I had been wondering vaguely how, the strange mistake about his death had occurred. I had not spoken of it, but now, looking up at his dear face, I said—

"It's the oddest thing Jack, about you." It was rather embarrassing to tell him that we had thought him dead during all these past months, and as he looked up with his quick bright smile, I stopped short.

"It *was* a little queer!" he said, with one of his whimsical expressions; and then with a little shadow on his face, he asked abruptly, "how is Allie, and the small one?"

"Very well, indeed," I answered, and was launching into a glowing description of the baby's many accomplishments, and the place the little mother had in our hearts when she stopped me with a smile.

"Business first," he said, and then growing very grave, he moved his chair nearer me, and said earnestly; "the truth is, George, there was a deal of trickery about that Chicago business, and I am determined justice shall be done to poor little Alice."

I did not understand him at first, but as he was thoroughly in earnest, I was soon put in possession of the whole case, and although I was experienced in such matters, I was deeply astonished at the story which Jack told me.

That Flournay, Jack's partner, was a man, lost to all sense of honesty, was plainly shown, and he was one of the meanest of swindlers—one that would rob the widow and the fatherless.

"The only way to prove this, is by means of some papers which Flournay thinks are destroyed," said Jack. "They are in the breast pocket of an old coat of mine. Allie has it in a trunk with my other clothes, You'll know it by the color; an ugly one, a kind of olive-green."

It was queer how persistently he ignored himself, and left things in my hands. "You will tell Allie about this." "You will write to Chicago." "You will do" this, that and the other. Everything that was to be done I must do; it seemed strange at the time, and stranger still it was, that he never once spoke of the happiness of seeing Alice and the baby again, although he spoke of them most lovingly and tenderly.

We talked until the fire grew low, and I heard Grey walking impatiently up and down the passage, anxious for us to depart that he might go to rest; then I rose, and investing myself in my great coat, proposed starting homeward.

As we went down the stairs we met Grey, and I stopped to give him some orders about the coals. He listened to me in his usual quiet way, but his eyes were furtively glancing at Jack, and as I was turning away he touched my arm.

"Beg pardon, sir—but isn't that Mr. Everson, that they said died in Chicago? I remember his face."

"Yes," I answered, "it is he; there was a mistake someway."

And then Jack and I went out together into the storm.

It was altogether too bad weather to walk, and so I hailed a street car and we got in. There were no occupants save ourselves and the tired-looking conductor, who relapsed into silence and slumber in a distant corner, after receiving our fare.

It was gloomy enough riding along with the rain pouring steadily on the top of the car and beating against the windows, while the dim light from the ill-trimmed lamp flickered and flared as we rumbled along.

A sudden jolt sent the door swinging open, and as I sat next it, I took compassion on the tired conductor, and with a laughing remark to Jack, bent forward to close it. It was not an easy task, for the wind blew fiercely and the door was refractory, but after a sharp struggle I resumed my seat, and turned toward Jack with a laugh at my victory. Imagine, if you can, my consternation and utter bewilderment, when I saw that *he was not there!*

There was no one in the car save the sleeping conductor and myself; and as I sat staring blankly about me, there came to me a sudden and overwhelming conviction that Jack Everson's return had been only the return of his spirit.

This shock, coming so soon after the excitement of the evening, was too much for me. I tried to rise to get out into the fresh air, but I could not; and after a momentary struggle I fell heavily forward.

It was days before I came to myself; I was wildly delirious all the time, and my life was despaired of; but when I recovered my health once more, I devoted myself to the work Jack had left to me. I found the papers where Jack had told me to look for them; and, after a tedious time, Allie was restored to her rights, and Flournay justly punished.

I told the story of Jack's return to Sarah, but she would not credit it. I was "light-headed," she said; "when people were half-sick, as I was then, they often had strange fancies." But Allie and I, and Grey, the janitor, believed it.

Allie and I *know* that dear Jack did come back for a little while—that it was love for his dear ones that brought him—and that knowledge gives us patience to wait until we can go to him.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A legal conveyance—the police van.

☞ Fort Wayne, Indiana, boasts of a monkey that talks. We have seen lots of them.

☞ A mercenary Cincinnatian has ague, and his teeth rattle so loud that he hires himself out as a pack of fire crackers.

☞ The Indians who recently visited the Treasury Department poked fun at General Spinner's bald head.

☞ Nine divorced husbands, two of them members of the firm, carry on a New York business house.

☞ A town out West has a haunted house—full of real goblets, Mrs. Partington says.

☞ Duluth has started an apothecary's shop to help along the cemetery.

☞ It is related of a Detroit editor, that being lost overboard from a steamer in the middle of Lake Superior, on a dark and stormy night, and with nothing to cling to, he was in a fair way to drown, when he just straightened up his ears, upon which the wind acted as upon sails, and scudded before the gale, making good time and a safe landing on Canadian soil, after his perilous voyage.

☞ The alligators in Central Park are accused of leering lovingly at the colored babies which are taken to see them.

☞ An Illinois town has 1,500 cases of ague, and thinks of organizing a "Shaker" colony.

☞ A young gentleman tried to steal a lock of his darling's hair the other day. She had watched him whetting his knife upon his shoe for some time, and when he raised it to cut off the desired curl, she thought he was about to murder her, and screamed, and flinging up her hands received a cut in the thumb. The poor fellow was arrested.

☞ We lately chronicled the wedding of a St. Louis belle to an Indian warrior, and now another lady in that city has married a "heathen Chinee" named Long-Hi. Of course Mrs. Hi turns up her nose at Mrs. Lo.

☞ New books—"Ebenezer Divorced," a sequel to "Ebb-Tide."

☞ The Sherman (Texas) Courier takes a jealous view of Red River City, viz: Two long, hungry Americans, two Irishmen, one Indian, two cadaverous-looking individuals of unknown nationality, a Mexican mule, John Q. A. Carter, and an Indian "dorg of the male persuasion."

☞ An editor says his ancestors have been in the habit of *living* a hundred years. His opponent responds by saying that "that was before the introduction of capital punishment."

☞ A SIGN. To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

☞ Why is coal the most contradictory article known to commerce? Because when purchased instead of going to the buyer, it goes to the cellar.

☞ The people of Ocala were recently much troubled about the financial condition of the town, but are so no longer, the fines imposed for the numerous fights and squabbles having brought the treasury nearly out of debt.—*Florida paper.*

☞ "Inflatable rubber bustles" are announced. They are said to impart great buoyancy to the movements. In case of shipwreck they would undoubtedly be advantageous, although a girl floated by one of them might be taken for a buoy, and so passed by unnoticed.—*World.*

☞ The publisher of the Bradley County, (Ark.) Eagle thus excuses himself for the delay in the issue of his paper: "A printer who is pressman, compositor, maker-up of forms, 'ad. setter,' does all the job work, clipping copy and writing for a twenty-four column newspaper, may have the 'dead wood' on 'strikes,' but we'll be hanged if he hasn't got his 'hands full' when it comes to doing all his work and having six chills a week."

☞ A man down in Maine who recently got intoxicated and committed some misdemeanor, for which he was imprisoned, is determined to defend himself in future against the risk of such disgrace. He accordingly publishes in an Augusta paper this card: "Whoever sells or offers to sell to me any intoxicating liquors of whatever nature, or whoever sells any in my presence, *will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.*—Summer S. Brick." He appears to find it easier to defend himself against others than against himself.

☞ A North street man went off Saturday noon for a half day of fishing. When he returned he had walked thirteen miles, lost a $45 watch, sprained his thumb, spoiled a $11 pair of pants by sitting down on his luncheon, and caught a four-pound mud turtle. He got back in time to help the doctor out from his oldest boy's foot one of the several fish-hooks he had left at home. He took a cursory view of the situation and went to bed.—*Danbury News.*

☞ An unsuccessful punster says: "To attempt to impress some minds with a sense of the ludicrous, is like the endeavor to photograph the changeful glories of the opalescent dolphin upon the gnarled hide of the rhinoceros."

☞ A French girl shot herself to death last week, because her lover told her that one of her legs was shorter than the other.

☞ Alexis tells every American he meets that he intends to return to the United States, and will be present at the centennial celebration in 1876.

☞ The medicine-chest of one of the abandoned Arctic whalers was broken open by some of the natives, who thinking they had found a prize, proceeded to swallow the contents of all the bottles. The survivors described the result as startling, for the doses were too large for the constitution of even an Esquimaux. Several of the partakers died—and others wanted to, but couldn't.

☞ There is a man named William Showers in East Waterford, who runs a gin-mill, and this notice is conspicuously posted over his bar:

POSITIVELY
No Liquors sold on Sunday.
Two drinks and no more,
to any man on the same day.

The more *showers* we have of this kind the dryer it will be.

A New Method of Choosing a Wife.

In the little town of Oakhill lived Dr. Topgrass and his three unmarried daughters, the eldest of whom was twenty-eight. The doctor had been seven years a widower, and although he had attained the advanced age of fifty-five, it was generally believed that he only wanted to see some of his daughters married, before he introduced a second Mrs. Topgrass to Oakhill. But what did it avail that Adelaide was handsome, that Julia sung like a nightingale, and that Maggie was sprightly, piquant and fun-loving? There were only two unmarried men of their own degree in Oakhill, one an attorney of sixty, the other a young clergyman believed to be already engaged. In the outskirts of the town stood a handsome villa, which had for some time remained unlet, but one day Dr. Topgrass communicated to his daughters the interesting intelligence that the house had been taken by a wealthy bachelor in search of a wife.

"But how do you know, papa, that he is in search of a wife?" asked Adelaide, the eldest girl.

"It appears to be an understood fact, my dear; I cannot tell how it has been ascertained."

"Well, if he is in search of a wife, I think we should all be as coy as the source of the Nile," said Maggie, the youngest.

"Or the North-west Passage," suggested Julia.

"No, I wouldn't compare myself to that," said Maggie, "for it was worth nothing after all."

"Mr. Bitteresk's house—by-the-way, that is his name," remarked the doctor—"is very handsomely furnished, I am told; and he appears to be a man of superior education and refined tastes, to judge from the number of books and pictures he is said to possess."

"You will call upon him, I suppose, papa," asked Adelaide.

"Certainly. One ought always to be attentive to strangers," replied the doctor, with a show of hospitality, which deceived no one but himself. "Besides," he added, "the society of such a man will be an acquisition. I have to pass his door this very afternoon, in visiting poor Mr. Smith; I don't see why I shouldn't call at once."

The sisters were painfully aware of the selfish motive which actuated their father in the present instance; and the interest which, in other circumstances, they might have taken in the arrival of a stranger in the quiet little town, where life was wearily monotonous, was embittered by the consideration that their sole remaining parent was ready to give the warmest welcome to any man who would relieve him of the burden of one of his daughters.

"Papa doesn't care a bit what sort of husbands we get, if we only get homes of our own, so that he may have no further trouble with us," remarked Adelaide, bitterly.

"I don't think he would let us marry very poor men," returned Maggie, looking up from the music she was copying.

"O yes, he would, if they were gentlemen. Did you not see how he frowned when you spoke of being coy as the source of the Nile? What right have *we* to any maidenly reserve? We must get out of papa's way as fast as we can."

"Indeed we must," said Julia, with a sigh, as she arranged some flowers in a vase. "If one of us doesn't marry this Mr. Bitteresk, papa will be extremely cross. Afterall, only one of us can marry him, and the rest must submit to a step-mother."

"If papa would marry a middle-aged woman, I should not mind so much," observed Maggie; "but it is always girls of seventeen he pays attention to; and to see a girl brought into the house three years younger than *myself* would be extremely unpleasant.

A few days after the preceding conversation, the Misses Topgrass sat in the drawing-room expecting company, for Mr. Bitteresk and a few other gentlemen were invited to dinner. The important guest was the first to arrive. He was a man of forty, of middle height, clumsy in shape, and not at all good-looking. When Adelaide advanced to meet him, Mr. Bitteresk fixed his eyes attentively upon her countenance, and appeared for some seconds quite unable to withdraw his gaze. Slightly embarrassed, yet at the same time flattered by this tribute to her beauty, Adelaide presented their guest to her sisters, whom he greeted in a somewhat formal manner. He now seated himself near Miss Topgrass, and while he permitted her to maintain the conversation with very little assistance on his part, his earnest contemplation of her features was believed, not only by the young lady herself but also by her sisters, to have but one interpretation. When Dr. Topgrass, who had been unavoidably detained by professional duty, entered the room, he engaged for a short time the attention of his guest; but Adelaide remarked with satisfaction that, even while conversing with her father, Mr. Bitteresk's eye more than once sought her face. Other guests arrived, and for a few minutes Adelaide was occupied with their reception; but when it was time to enter the dining-room, Mr. Bitteresk gave her his arm; and while he occupied the seat at her right hand, he directed his conversation exclusively to her. If, for a few moments, the attention due to other guests induced Adelaide to make a remark to the gentleman on her left hand, or to listen with an air of enjoyment to some lively sally on the part of a young man at the other end of the table, she aware that she was all the time subjected to the earnest gaze of Mr. Bitteresk, who appeared to have no desire to speak to any one else, and waited patiently till she was ready to talk to him again. Adelaide would have preferred a younger and handsomer admirer; but she reflected that true affection was not to be despised, especially when accompanied by a comfortable income.

"Oh, my goodness, Adelaide, you *have* made a conquest!" cried Maggie, when the young ladies left the dining-room.

"But could you care for him?" asked Julia. "He is the thickest man I ever saw."

"Julia, you'll be an old maid," said Adelaide.

"I know I shall; but I could never marry a man who was not my ideal."

"But think of the step-mother who is sure to come!"

"I do think of it, but nothing could induce me to marry one I did not absolutely adore."

"Well, Julia, you're not an old maid yet," said Maggie, "and our dreaded step-mamma is still only a being of the imagination. Let us be happy while we may. I feel in a mood for dancing; come and have a waltz."

"Shall I play for you?" asked Adelaide.

"No, no; go and think of Mr. Bitteresk. The first moments of falling in love must be delightful," replied Julia. "We can hum a tune for ourselves."

So the two younger sisters danced, and Adelaide stood in the window-recess watching, in sentimental mood, the fleeting clouds. At that moment Mr. Bitteresk entered the room unperceived by the sisters. Julia's pretty golden hair had escaped from the comb, and hung in not ungraceful confusion on her shoulders, while her usually pale face, flushed with the exercise, was of a most lovely pink hue. Maggie, that she might not be incommoded with her long dress, had taken it right up over her arm, so that her pretty feet and ankles were exposed to view. Whatever interest such a scene might have possessed for some men, it had none for Mr. Bitteresk, who, discovering Adelaide at the window, went straight toward her, when the dancers suddenly observing him, Maggie gave a little scream, and threw down her dress, and Julia rushed from the room to put up her hair. Of all this, Mr. Bitteresk appeared to see nothing, but taking a seat near Adelaide, gazed intently on her lovely features. That her sister and her admirer might talk without fear of being overheard, Maggie sat down before the piano and played some lively airs; but Mr. Bitteresk's admiration was speechless, and Adelaide acknowledged to herself that there were moments of intense feeling when words were mere folly. But as modesty forbade her returning, or even meeting his tender regards, she dropped her eyes, feeling how true to nature were the lines of the Scottish poet:

"For when ye look me sair at me,
I daurna look at you."

"Miss Topgrass, may I ask the favor of being permitted to look at your eyes?" said Mr. Bitteresk.

"Oh, really!" cried Adelaide, raising her blushing face to his, and, in her modesty, immediately withdrawing it.

"Do let me look at them," he entreated, as he drew his chair closer to hers. "Withdraw not your eyes from mine, I implore."

"But Mr. Bitteresk, we are not alone," said Adelaide, averting her head in confusion. "Besides, our acquaintance is so slight."

Undeterred by these words, he continued to plead that her face might be turned toward him. Adelaide bashfully complied; and he gazed long and earnestly into her orbs of blue. The other gentlemen now entered the room, and Julia was requested to sing. This she did in such a manner as to charm every one but Mr. Bitteresk, who could not be diverted, even for a moment, from her whose beauty seemed to enthral him. When, with the other guests, the stranger rose to take leave, Adelaide expected that he would have spoken some words of tenderness, but he only shook hands, cast

"One last, long, lingering look behind,"

and turned away.

"I really think, Adelaide, you have made an impression on Mr. Bitteresk," remarked the doctor, when the last guest had departed, and he took up his candlestick to retire to his chamber. "He paid you marked attention."

Next day Mr. Bitteresk called, and sat an hour and a half with the young ladies; but though he was for some time alone with Adelaide, he said nothing indicative of the state of his affections, but contemplated the fair face of that lady with the same air of being completely fascinated which he had on the previous evening displayed. Two hours later Adelaide's friend, Annie Dunbar, made a call, and the chief subject of her conversation was the stranger, Mr. Bitteresk.

"He's the oddest creature I ever saw," she remarked; "and he stares so rudely. Papa brought him in to supper the night before last, and I assure you he never took his eyes off my face."

This was an overwhelming statement, but the sisters were too well-bred to betray their feelings. Maggie adroitly diverted the talk into another channel, and it was not till the visitor had taken leave that they expressed their sentiments upon the observation she had made.

"Don't believe a word of it, Adelaide. She's a conceited girl, Annie Dunbar; I always thought so," remarked Julia.

"Stare at *her*, indeed! with her turned-up nose, and dowdy appearance," exclaimed Maggie: "a likely story, truly!"

Adelaide admitted the thing was improbable, and for two days her mind was at rest on this point; but on the third, she was doomed to be an eye-witness of the inconstancy of her admirer. It was Sunday; and when the sisters entered their place in church, Adelaide's pulse quickened on seeing Mr. Bitteresk already there. The pew was a square one; and as the young ladies seated themselves, it so happened that Maggie, being the last to come in, got a seat exactly opposite Mr. Bitteresk. As soon as the sermon began, Maggie perceived that the eyes of him she regarded as her sister's admirer were fixed upon herself. She tried to look at the clergyman, but it was impossible to refrain from an occasional glance at Mr. Bitteresk; and each time she looked at him she found, to her embarrassment, that he regarded her not only intently, but even anxiously. At the close of the service, Mr. Bitteresk, after shaking hands with the sisters, contrived to get close to Maggie in leaving the church. He also walked part of the way home with her, and though he did not say much, he looked volumes.

"He's a flirt; I understand him now perfectly," said Adelaide that afternoon; "and I think it very likely he did pay attention to Annie Dunbar."

"Think of the impudence of a clumsy fellow like that being a flirt!" exclaimed Maggie; "I always expect ugly men to be highly virtuous, to be the soul of honor and fidelity, and to be unselfish, and generous, and all that's good. When a handsome man is fickle, I think he has been spoiled with the attentions of women; but when an ugly man is inconstant, there is no excuse for him."

"You mean plain-looking men, Maggie," observed Julia. "There are no ugly men, in my estimation, except those in whose countenances mental or moral defect is portrayed; and you don't expect such men to be good."

With a look of vexation, Adelaide went into the garden, and walked round the flower-borders for two hours. She then came in, and with an effort to be magnanimous, said to her youngest sister: "Maggie, if you like to encourage him, dear, don't refrain from doing so on my account. I do feel a little bit chagrined, I confess, but I shall get over it. I did somehow expect—though perhaps unreasonably—that when Mr. Bitteresk had none of the graces of person, he would have solid virtues."

"Indeed, I shan't encourage him. Do you think I could care for a man who had disappointed you, Adelaide? No, indeed; although I do wish I could get out of the house before papa marries a baby, and I become a female Hamlet."

Tea-parties were much in fashion in Oakhill, and it was a customary thing when the party was to be a small one, to invite only two of the Misses Topgrass; on some occasions the family was represented by one only. A few days after the discovery of Mr. Bitteresk's inconstancy, Maggie was invited to drink tea at the house of Mrs. Elmut, the banker's wife. Besides herself, there were five young ladies, the unmarried attorney, the young clergyman, and Mr. Bitteresk. The former gentlemen understood the duties of their position too well to pay particular attention to any one lady, making, by an equal distribution of their civilities, the paucity of beaux less felt than it might have been. But Mr. Bitteresk was oblivious of all but Maggie, whom he regarded so intently, that it occurred to her she might be in some danger of falling into a mesmeric sleep. After tea, a game of croquet was proposed, and Maggie hoped this diversion would afford her an escape from the sedulous attention of one who had already proved himself a trifler with the affections of women. But Mr. Bitteresk, completely indifferent to the game, followed her from hoop to hoop; and although the object of his regard never once addressed him, and in every way showed a decided disinclination for his society, it appeared to afford him entire satisfaction to stand by her side, and silently contemplate her features. Such devotion did not escape the observation of Mrs. Elmut and her other guests, who were all amiably disposed toward the enamored swain, and desirous to give him an opportunity of holding private converse with his beloved. The game over, Maggie and another young lady, accompanied by Mr. Bitteresk, strolled toward the river which flowed past the end of the garden.

"Oh, look at the forget-me-nots, Clara!" exclaimed Maggie, pointing to a tuft of those pretty little flowers which grew close to the water. "I must have some."

"Allow me to get them for you, Miss Maggie," said Mr. Bitteresk, stepping down into the mud for that purpose, while Maggie bent over the bank watching him.

"Oh, what a mess his boots are in! I never thought the mud was so soft. Did you?" observed Maggie in a whisper to her friend; but on looking round, she found, to her surprise, that she was alone. Clara was in Mr. Bitteresk's interest, and as soon as she had found Maggie's attention diverted from herself, had taken that opportunity to move quietly away. When Mr. Bitteresk presented the flowers, Maggie, in common courtesy, could not avoid meeting his eye as she thanked him; when all at once it struck her that there was an expression of honesty in the man's face, combined, it may be, with eccentricity. Having conceived this idea, a desire to know something more of such an odd character prevented her immediately hastening to join the others, and she stood looking at the flowers, reflecting that no insincere person ever had an honest eye, and that the countenance was a much more safe guide to the character than the manner, or even the conduct, on certain occasions. A philanthropist who devotes his time and fortune to lessen the ills of humanity, may be seen to refuse alms to a street beggar, to whom the extravagant and selfish man of fashion, too careless to pay his tradesmen's bills, will lightly fling a silver coin. The misanthrope and the man of genial, sympathetic nature may, in a particular case, act alike, or, it may be, even seem to exchange characters.

"Miss Maggie, may I take the liberty of——"

Maggie was standing between Mr. Bitteresk and the river, and as he said these words, he approached more closely to her, so that she instinctively drew back, and was in dangerous proximity to the water before she heard the conclusion of the sentence—"of—touching the point of your nose?"

Relieved, surprised and amused, Maggie repeated "To touch the point of my nose! Oh! Mr. Bitteresk, how absurd!"

"Am I to understand that you allow me to do so?"

"Yes, of course; do it, if you like."

Thus permitted, Mr. Bitteresk felt the feature referred to very carefully, and with evident meditation.

"Thank you, Miss Maggie. Your good nature emboldens me to ask a further favor. Allow me to touch your hair?"

Maggie thought this a much more lover-like request, and as she was now diverted with the oddity of her admirer, she granted him that permission also; but the critical manner in which he drew his hand over her pretty brown tresses, and the cool reflection displayed in his eye, suggested to her the idea that her eccentric companion must have made his money at wig-making, and that he regarded her locks, not from a lover-like, but from a mercantile point of view. This notion was unpleasant, and thinking she had been quite long enough alone with an individual so *outré*, Maggie, accompanied by Mr. Bitteresk, re-entered the house. For the remainder of the evening, she carefully avoided giving her admirer any further opportunity of addressing her, and returned home greatly puzzled as to what his intentions might be. Out of consideration for Adelaide, Maggie refrained from mentioning Mr. Bitteresk's attentions to herself; but she soon discovered that she was not the only one toward whom the eccentric stranger had acted in an extraordinary manner. Miss Brown, a lady "on the heavenly side of forty," had been greatly displeased by his asking permission to touch her hair. One day, when Miss Brown's grievance was mentioned by the doctor, as he sat with his family at dinner, Maggie related her own experience of Mr. Bitteresk, but she had no sooner done so, than she would fain have recalled her words, for her father was extremely angry. By an odd coincidence, at that very moment the servant entered the room and said, Mr. Bitteresk desired to see the doctor. On hearing this, the wrathful parent hastened to the drawing-room, and rejecting the hand which was held out to him, expressed, with much warmth, his entire disapprobation of Mr. Bitteresk's conduct.

"You are a male flirt, sir, and let me tell you, that is a character I despise."

"A flirt, Dr. Topgrass!" cried Mr. Bitteresk. "Heaven forbid that I should trifle with that which I most deeply venerate, and most earnestly covet—the love of woman."

This reply, expressed as it was in tones almost tremulous in their earnestness, was wholly unexpected by the irate doctor, who, with some difficulty maintaining his tone of injury asked: "Is it not a fact, sir, that on the day you dined here you paid the most marked attention to my eldest daughter? Did you not address your conversation exclusively to her? and did you not entreat her not to withdraw her eyes from yours? Such attentions, you will say, mean nothing. It is enough, that I do not permit them. But, not content with trying to undermine the peace of mind of my eldest daughter, you act in a most unaccountable manner toward my youngest. Is it not true that you stroked her hair? I ask you, sir, as an honorable man, can you offer any excuse for taking the unwarrantable liberty of feeling the point of her nose?"

"Yes, Dr. Topgrass, I can," replied Mr. Bitteresk excitedly, taking a book from his pocket.

"Can you deny that you have stared at both of my daughters in a manner which, if your attentions were meaningless, as they must have been with regard to at least one of the sisters, was highly reprehensible; nay, is it not true, that even the sacred edifice for divine worship was the scene of your impertinence?" said Dr. Topgrass, delighting in the accumulated guilt of his culprit.

"I admit the accusation. Hear, I implore, my defence," said Mr. Bitteresk. "I am a disciple of Lavater, and study the science of physiognomy, and, while I confess that I have gazed long and anxiously at the lineaments of your daughters, I think, if you were aware how much of the character may be revealed in a single feature of the human face, you would admit that nothing short of continued contemplation of any particular countenance could suffice the student. Allow me, for your satisfaction, to mention a few of the mental characteristics to be discerned in the lips alone. Well-defined, large, and proportionate lips, the middle line of which is equally serpentine on both sides, and easy to be drawn, though they may denote an inclination to pleasure, are never seen in a bad, mean, common, false, crouching, vicious countenance. A lipless mouth, resembling a single line, denotes coldness, indust*y*, a love of order, precision, housewifery, and if it be drawn upward at the two ends, affectation, pretension, vanity, and, which may even be the production of cool vanity, malice. Calm lips, well closed without constraint, and well delineated, certainly betoken consideration, discretion, and firmness. A mild overhanging lip generally signifies goodness. There are innumerable good persons also with projecting under lips—"

"Begad, if you had to find out all that, I don't wonder you had to stare at the girls," interrupted the doctor.

"Not to weary you," continued Mr. Bitteresk, "I pass now to the nose, which, in length, ought to equal the length of the forehead. The button end must be neither hard nor fleshy. It was to ascertain by the sense of touch the nature of that feature in your youngest daughter, that I begged her to allow me to touch the point of her nose. The quality of the hair is also important to the physiognomist, and Miss Maggie was kind enough to permit me to place my hand on her head when I desired to test her character by the texture of its covering. I am, as you are possibly not aware, in search of a wife, and I have decided to choose one, by this, I admit difficult, but, I am convinced, sure method. The conclusion at which I have arrived is, that the physiognomy of your youngest daughter is perfectly satisfactory, and I have come to-day to ask your permission to pay my addresses to her."

"Mr. Bitteresk, you are an honorable man. Forgive my unjust suspicion," said Dr. Topgrass, heartily shaking his visitor by the hand. "I'll go and send in Maggie, and I wish you success in your wooing."

When Maggie entered, Mr. Bitteresk took pains to show her that he had not, in his conduct toward her, been actuated by any spirit of frivolity, and after explaining, as he had done to her father, his real purpose, he asked, somewhat formally, if he might be permitted to pay his addresses to her. Maggie's black eyes sparkled with fun as she said,

"No, Mr. Bitteresk; you must lend me Lavater, and I must now study your physiognomy; and you mustn't consider it a breach of propriety if I ask to be allowed to feel the point of your nose."

"Certainly not," was the grave reply.

"Should I find your physiognomy perfectly satisfactory, I shall then be justified in granting you permission to pay your addresses; not till then."

"Miss Maggie, the excellent sense you display in the present instance proves, to my great satisfaction, that I have not studied physiognomy in vain. The reply you have made me is precisely that which I should have expected from your countenance. How long shall I give you to read the volume? A week?"

"Oh, not so long as that!" replied Maggie. "It isn't the book which is hard to read, I fancy, but the faces."

"Unfortunate man that I am!" exclaimed Mr. Bitteresk, with the air of having suddenly remembered something, "I shall be the victim of my own system. I now rest on my merits, and by the laws of commonsense you are bound to reject me. Had I trusted to the kindness of one of the most amiable of her sex, then I might have gained the object of my desire. Give me back the book, Miss Maggie, and let me rest my claim on your compassion."

While he thus spoke, the methodical, formal Mr. Bitteresk showed himself a man of more depth of feeling than Maggie had supposed. It now for the first time, occurred to her that he loved her.

"Oh, I must read the book, Mr. Bitteresk," she replied, opening it and reading aloud, "Short, wrinkled, knotty, regular, and saw-cut foreheads with intersecting wrinkles, are incapable of true friendship." Maggie, as if she thought it a good piece of fun, here raised her eyes to the forehead of her suitor, who stood before her with such an anxious expression of countenance, that she laughingly shut the book. "Mr. Bitteresk, do you know you are a comical individual, and I'm rather fond of comical people! Now go away, and come back the day after to-morrow. It is only fair that you should be judged according to your own system."

"Permit me, before I leave, to make an apology to your elder sister," begged Mr. Bitteresk.

In compliance with this request, Maggie left the room, and sent in Adelaide, who presented herself before him she had imagined her admirer, in a decidedly shame-faced manner.

"Miss Topgrass," began Mr. Bitteresk, in a tone of much seriousness, "it distresses me unspeakably to think, that while absorbed in scientific research, and, for the time, oblivious of every other consideration, I should have acted in such a manner as to mislead you. When, for the moment, I forget that I am a physiognomist, and remember only that I am a man, I see clearly that my conduct was calculated to deceive."

"Well, Mr. Bitteresk, who could have supposed that when you asked me not to withdraw my eyes from yours, you were only studying science?" said Adelaide, blushing. "But let all that be forgotten, and if you are really attached to my sister, I will exert what influence I may have in your favor."

"Do so, Miss Topgrass, and you will procure my lasting gratitude; but I very much fear that my physiognomy is not satisfactory, and that as your sister becomes acquainted with the science, she will learn to despise me."

Mr. Bitteresk then took leave; and as Adelaide watched from the window his retreating figure, she reflected that, though no Apollo, there was much to respect and admire in this odd being.

When Mr. Bitteresk on the appointed day called upon Maggie, she met him with the book he had lent her in her hand, and after the usual greetings, she opened the conversation by saying: "Lavater observes, Mr. Bitteresk, that no one who is not well-formed can become a good physiognomist. Those painters were the best whose persons were the handsomest. Rubens, Van Dyck, and Raphael, possessing three gradations of beauty, possessed three gradations of the genius of painting. The physiognomists of the greatest symmetry are the best. As the most virtuous can best determine on virtue, and the just on justice, so can the most handsome countenances on the goodness, beauty, and noble traits of the human countenance, and consequently on its defects and noble properties."

As Maggie concluded these sentences, she looked fixedly at her suitor, yet with a merry twinkle in her eye which he did not perceive.

"I understand you, Miss Maggie. I am not handsome enough, you would say, to pretend to the study of the science of which we speak."

"Consequently, there is every probability that you have not read my face aright," she replied, "and that I am very far from being the kind of girl you suppose. As your suit was therefore made under a false impression, you are at liberty to withdraw it, and I advise you to go and fall in love with some woman in the ordinary way, for the old-fashioned foolish reason, that she is pretty, or engaging, or that you like her, you don't exactly know why."

At these words, an expression of deep dejection clouded the face of Mr. Bitteresk.

"There would, however, be no harm in my making a study of your features," observed Maggie, "if I were handsome enough to be a physiognomist, but it seems to me that some amount of vanity is necessary to induce one to become a student of this science. Assuming for the moment, however, that I am sufficiently good-looking, be kind enough, Mr. Bitteresk, to turn slightly toward the window, so that I may study your face in profile."

With an air of hopeless resignation, which struck Maggie as most ludicrous, Mr. Bitteresk placed himself in the required position.

"It is difficult for me to decide," she observed, "whether duplicity or imagination predominates in your eyelashes; but with regard to the third wrinkle on your right temple, I do not hesitate to say that it denotes great simplicity of character, amounting even to guilelessness. As for the mole on the cheek that is turned toward me, I believe it to be indicative of directness of purpose, combined with an affectionate disposition; while the fourth freckle on your nose betokens, I am convinced, humility. In short, Mr. Bitteresk, I find your physiognomy tolerably satisfactory, and it is much to be regretted that you are quite at fault concerning me, as I think you would have made the best of husbands."

Up to this moment, the esteem, verging, it may be, toward a warmer feeling, with which Maggie regarded her suitor, had been covered with a crust of raillery, and as she spoke the last words, she looked him fearlessly in the face. But as she did so, her self-command unaccountably forsook her. She had been too bold, she feared. What would he think? Ah! he would know the humiliating position in which she and her sisters were placed, how anxious her father was that she should be married, and how few eligible men ever visited Oakhill. Thus reflecting, Maggie rose and walked to the window, to hide her heightened color and air of confusion; but Mr. Bitteresk advanced toward her, and took her hand. Glancing timidly round, Maggie perceived, to her surprise, a countenance so much altered by the expression of the moment, that it might almost have belonged to another individual. No trace of oddity or formality was now visible, but with an air of tenderest affection, he said quietly but earnestly: "I think, Maggie, we love each other."

For some days after this, the doctor's youngest daughter went about the house with an air of abstraction, and was frequently to be found gazing at the winding river, or at night at the stars or the moon. When addressed, she frequently answered in such a manner as to indicate that her mind was occupied with some subject of contemplation of an interest so absorbing as to render her to some extent oblivious of what passed around her. At a certain hour every day it was perceived that she became somewhat agitated, and the sisters remarked that Mr. Bitteresk invariably called at that time. But it was only for a few weeks that Adelaide and Julia were able to remark the change wrought by the tender passion on their once fun-loving sister; for in little more than a month, Mr. Bitteresk and she were married. As Maggie had expressed a wish to see foreign lands, her husband took her abroad for some months, and on their return to England, they spent a winter in London. Here they were visited by Adelaide and Julia successively. It was on the occasion of her visit to the metropolis, that the latter found her ideal, who, somewhat to Maggie's surprise, was a man who squinted with both eyes. On Mrs. Bitteresk's happening to allude to this defect, however, Julia asked, with some energy of manner,

"Do you think me capable of being affected by anything so trivial as personal appearance? There is no true beauty, except that of the soul."

"No doubt," replied Maggie; "but Lavater remarks that the squinting eye denotes a deceitful, crafty person, one who willingly avoids labor if he can, indulging in idleness, play, usury and pilfering."

"If Lavater says that, then it is plain he knows nothing of the subject on which he treats," answered Julia, with some warmth.

"Oh, I think, Julia, dear, your ideal is a worthy one," replied Maggie, smiling. "I only quoted Lavater to tease you a bit. I haven't much faith in him myself, though I feel grateful to him for helping me to a husband who is the best of men."

Of the three sisters, Adelaide alone now lives with her father in Oakhill; and although report affirms that the doctor has made more than one attempt at matrimony, he has not yet found a lady sufficiently youthful who is willing to become his second spouse.

☞ The New York Clubs are adopting the European custom of putting their servants into gorgeous liveries.

☞ A custom is being introduced in New York for morning callers, instead of leaving their cards, to inscribe their names in a book provided for the purpose.

☞ Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office was a house of correction.

☞ A man in Chelsea, Mass., died recently from the effects of a bite received from a spider.

☞ The stay of the Chinese in Springfield was shortened by the rudeness of the people who stared at them. One woman entered the dining-room of their hotel whilst they were at dinner, questioned the ladies, examined the pig-tails, and finally had to be shown out.

☞ Among the risks which foolish girls run in eloping with fascinating fellows on short acquaintance, is that of finding themselves bound for life to criminals and outlaws. The wife of Billy Forrester was a guileless school girl of sixteen in Boston when she ran away and married him in 1869, and did not know his real character until two years after. An eloping couple were interrupted in New Bedford the other day by the arrest of the young man for burglary. The girl in this case narrowly escaped a severe penalty for her folly.

☞ A cattle-show at East Oxford, Me., lately exhibited a choice collection of rural monstrosities. Among these was a calf without a leg, not the kind suspected of being kept on sale in shops where feminine haberdashery is disposed of, but the genuine bovine article, without a leg to stand on; another was a calf or rather two calves which coalesced into one at the hips, forming a sort of animated pair of dividers. There was also a pair of lambs joined at the other end, with one head and eight legs, and standing upright on the four hind legs, that is to say not the fore, but the hind legs. We hope these country fairs do not encourage the raising of such stock.

☞ This is the worst year that has ever been known in Kansas for pulling guns out wagons muzzle first. A woman in Jewell county has just pulled one, and now has to part her hair on the side that her only arm is on.

☞ A young lady of Peoria set a trap for mice by spreading arsenic on a piece of bread, which she laid on a table, beside which she seated herself and began reading. Absorbed in her book and yet conscious that she was hungry, she, without looking up, reached out her hand and took what she supposed to be the harmless food. But she had taken the wrong piece, as she suddenly found, and a physician was hastily summoned.

The world does not contain a medicinal preparation which has obtained a more wide-spread and deserved popularity than the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Since its introduction to public notice more than twenty years ago, it has been constantly used for every kind of disease or injury to man or beast which can be affected by a local application, and so far as its proprietors are aware, it has not failed in a single instance. After so long and successful a term of probation, who will have the hardihood to deny its pre-eminent claims to popular esteem?

☞ Poor but dishonest young boys fasten wrought nails to the end of strings and harpoon sweet potatoes and apples from their abiding places in front of the stores. This may be considered sport, but it is the first step in the downward road to Congress.

"Bilious."

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, despondent, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly in morning, irregular appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from *Torpid Liver* or "*Biliousness*." In many cases of "Liver Complaint" only a part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. Sold by all first-class druggists. 502

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquetta," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Raeburn," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	3.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken. The lowest club price of THE POST (with Chromo) being $2.50.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $1.50. Four copies for $5.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the *sender* of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded *in all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge*. This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D., New York City. oct12-1y

R. R. R.

ASIATIC CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES,
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Looseness, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, or palsied discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.
au10-tf

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL,"

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($3.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club. Clubs at special rates, every member of which will get the Chromo, may also be formed. See below.

RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or of either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($2.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo is desired in addition, $5.00.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $5.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or of either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or of either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

CLUBS WITH THE CHROMO.

For $10.00 we will send four copies of THE POST one year, and four copies of the Premium Chromo. The person sending the Club to be entitled to the Chromo gratis.

For $20.00 we will send eight copies of THE POST one year, and eight copies of the Premium Chromo. The person sending the club shall be entitled to a copy of the Post free, and also to a Chromo, or to either of our beautiful steel plate engravings.

These clubs can be made up, if desired, of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADY'S FRIEND conjointly. The subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND can be taken at $2.00 apiece instead of $2.50. The Chromos will be sent the same.

The senders of the above clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.50.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, the dollar may be deducted from the amount due us, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

Address H. PETERSON & Co.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

CLUBS.

In getting up subscriptions for Clubs or a Premium list, the term of subscription can begin at any time. The beginning of a new Novelet is always an excellent period to commence subscriptions—for instance, the first number in October, with the opening of the Novelet of "John Passmore's Plot."

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

NICE OLD LADIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

They are the ones who hold together our present beautiful social system, are the Old Ladies. They are the conservators of the universe. It is altogether probable that we should go to sticks in a year's time, but for the Nice Old Ladies. Of a surety no power upon earth but theirs, could make us hold together a minute with all our absurdities, our incongruities, and our nonsense.

Your Nice Old Lady is society's guardian of propriety. She decides on the proper and becoming mode of conduct for every human being, and there she sets her foot down and holds it. Bless the Nice Old Lady! How ever would the world go on without her? She is especially forcible on the point, first, of what is proper for lovers and spoony young people and young ladies; next, on the point of what is proper for women of her own age, and a little younger than herself. An elderly woman, no matter how sprightly, spirited and young in heart she may have kept herself, through fear of the Nice Old Lady, daren't deviate the breadth of a split hair from the sombre, long-faced, cheerless old woman track which the Nice Old Lady has prescribed for every old lady but herself. Whatever the sprightly, spirited, youthful, elderly woman may do, the Nice Old Lady raises the cry solely in the interests of propriety:

"Shame on her, an old thing like her! A bonnet like that for an old thing like her! She'd better be thinking of something else, an old thing like her!"

I've noticed that they put in always that particular expression, "an old thing like her." If I've heard those words once, I declare to you that I've heard 'em fifty times, and every single time they came from the mouth of some contemptible, spiteful woman who was jealous of some other woman. If a woman doesn't like another woman, she always calls her "an old thing." Women are very mean to each other, anyhow, I often think. If I'm mistaken, I hope to be forgiven for it, but that's my belief.

Likewise your Nice Old Lady has a habit of laying down the law as to funerals, babies and matters between man and wife. Her knowledge with regard to funerals is something appalling. She portions out exactly the amount of grief which is proper to be manifested by each particular relative, to the last cousin-in-law. She has a mental memorandum, to the last homœopathic vialful, of the quantity of tears proper to be shed by each individual. If a body doesn't shed tears enough, she tells folks about it the rest of her life; if a body sheds too many, it's worse yet. She tells her neighbors and acquaintances precisely how deep a shade of mourning everybody must wear for everybody, and holds up her hands in horror and makes a frightful pow-wow about a proper respect for the dead. She knows to the minute, how long a time must elapse after anybody is dead and buried, before his bereaved family may venture to untwist their faces into a smile. If they smile half a minute too soon, the Nice Old Lady rolls up her eyes and folds her hands and says in a voice of solemn warning:

"I never thought to see such carryings-on so soon after poor Mr. Brown was in his grave. Before he's cold you may say."

The Nice Old Lady has her little superstitions, which you could no more reason her out of, than you could keep a school-girl from buying candy. She believes infallibly that all babies get "liver-grown," that ever and anon you must hold babies up by the heels and shake 'em, or their precious little livers will grow fast to their blessed sides. Doctors say it's all nonsense, but the Nice Old Lady is a mightier authority than the doctors. In her secret heart she believes that she knows more than all the doctors in the universe. She has mysterious, occult notions on the subject of livers in general. Her own liver is an object of the utmost solicitude to her, and she tinkers at it as if it were an old clock. At stated intervals, when her liver runs down, for her liver's sake she swallows a suspicious-looking dose of what she calls "blue mass." Heaven only knows what that is, I'm sure I don't, any more than I know why the Nice Old Ladies won't ever let a baby see into a looking-glass. I never had the advantage of having anybody instruct me in the magic and mystery of livers and "blue mass."

Your Nice Old Lady regulates her own family, down to the last shoe-string. Her husband doesn't dare to crook his finger, unless she gives him to understand he may; and as to going out nights, he'd no more go out nights than he'd ride to Heaven on a broomstick. But he goes to see the Black Crook, when he's a hundred miles or so from home. And it is a little queer that while the Nice Old Lady is eminently the head of the family in her own case, she recommends and earnestly insists upon implicit submission in the case of all other married women, and quotes Scripture about wives being obedient to their husbands. The husband should be master of the house, she declares; that is to say, of every house but her own, and every husband but hers. If her daughter shows symptoms of going into a decline, it is consumption—if her daughter-in-law manifests the same symptoms, it is nothing but want of energy. She never meddles. Oh, no! But she has a way of setting whole families and neighborhoods by the ears. She does it from a sense of duty to others. She does everything from a sense of duty. And she invariably shovels upon others the quarrel she herself sets a-brewing. She is never to blame in any quarrels whatsoever. Not she. She is a woman who always conducts herself with the utmost propriety, and never gives way to her temper.

Finally, viewed in the light of an old fogy, the Nice Old Lady is a sublime success. She throws the whole of her ample weight against the wheels of progress and blocks 'em. She devotes herself to the noble work of maintaining the established order of things. To her, a new idea is always wrong just because it is new. Especially she sets her face like iron against any of the modern improvements, with reference to women's work, wages, and welfare. If a lady study medicine, for instance, no matter how capable, earnest, and well-informed she may be, your Nice Old Lady opposes her with all the *vis inertia* of old fogyism.

"You can say what you please," says our Nice Old Lady, "but when I'm sick I'd rather have a man about me."

She even approaches the verge of coarseness in her denunciations of those daring women who refuse the bit and bridle of propriety and venture to skip aside from ye ancient bark-mill round of shirt-buttons and cooking-stoves. In a word, to everything new under the shining sun, from a theory of government to a washing-machine, this Nice Old Lady, bless her! opposes, like a solid stone wall, the one insurmountable, all-sufficient objection:

"That wasn't the way I was brought up."
That's her clincher. ZIG.

SPLENDID LIST OF PREMIUMS!

[We offer the following splendid list of Premiums, because we wish to increase our subscription list—and therefore mean to pay well those who will aid us in so doing. We prefer this mode to the usual expensive system of advertising.]

Mark! Every Subscriber in a Premium List is entitled to one of the Beautiful Chromos of

"LITTLE SAMUEL;"

representing the Child-Prophet as he is aroused from slumber by the voice of the Lord, (I. Samuel; Chapter 3.) This Chromo would be sold in the stores for $5. It is twelve by fifteen inches in size. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," and "THE LADY'S FRIEND." The subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND may be taken at $2.50 instead of $3.00.

For 50	subscribers, at $3	each,	a Silver-plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth $50.00
For 40	"	"	a Lady's solid gold, long Opera Chain—with tassels and handsomely enamelled slides with Pearl settings, worth 40.00
For 40	"	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, 18 karat, full jeweled, detached lever, worth 50.00
			or a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, worth 50.00
			or a 4-octave Melodeon, worth 60.00
For 30	"	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver Watch, worth 30.00
For 30	"	"	a Novelty Printing Press, worth 99.00
For 20	"	"	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver watch, worth 20.00
For 14	"	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth 14.00
For 12	"	"	a Silver-plated Cake Basket, worth 12.00
			or a Silver-plated Ice Pitcher, worth 12.00
			or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth 12.00
For 10	"	"	a Silver-plated Castor, worth 10.00
For 9	"	"	a set of Parlor Billiards, worth 6.00
			or a Set of Croquet, maple, worth 10.00
			or a Set of "Le Cercle," (the new field game,) polished maple, worth 10.00
			or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth 9.00
For 5	"	"	a Three-quart Ice Cream Freezer, (Packer,) worth 4.50
For 4	"	"	a Set of Six Croquet Balls, Tilton's Ebonite, worth 4.00
For 4	"	"	a set of Parlor Quoits, worth 3.00
For 2	"	"	One copy of "Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by H. Peterson; bound in cloth, worth 1.75

GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS.

For 5	subscribers at $3	each,	No. 6 Pen, Solid Silver Extension Case, worth 4.00
For 6	"	"	Business, or No. 7 Pen, Telescopic Holder, (can be carried safely in vest pocket,) worth 4.50

The above Gold Pens are made by E. H. Johnson & Co., New York, and are of unequaled finish, elasticity and durability. They have been sold by first-class dealers for the past twenty years.

PEN AND POCKET KNIVES.

For 3	subscribers at $3	each,	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 4 blades, Shell Handle, worth 2.50
			or Two Pruning Knives, 1 blade, Cocoa Handle, worth, each 1.25
For 5	"	"	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 5 blades, Pearl Handle, Octagon, worth 4.50

PATENT HARD RUBBER HANDLE TABLE KNIVES.

For 3	subscribers, at $3	each,	Half-a-dozen Table Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, Ivory tip, worth 4.00
For 4	"	"	Half-a-dozen Dessert Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Ivory tip, worth 3.75
For 5	"	"	One Pair Beef and Game Carvers, Ivory tip, worth 3.75

HEAVY SILVER PLATED KNIVES.

For 12	subscribers, at $3	each,	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Table Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth 10.00
For 10	"	"	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth 8.00
For 8	"	"	One Pair Carvers, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handle, worth 7.00

HEAVILY SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.

For 3	subscribers, at $3	each,	One Set Tea Spoons, Extra Plate, worth 2.25
For 5	"	"	" " " Triple " " 4.00
For 6	"	"	" " " Dessert " Extra " " 4.25
For 6	"	"	" " " Triple " " 6.00
For 8	"	"	" " " Table " Extra " " 5.50
For 7	"	"	" " " Triple " " 8.25
For 10	"	"	" " " Forks, Extra " " 6.50
For 8	"	"	" " " Triple " " 8.25
For 10	"	"	" " " Triple " " 8.25
For 4	"	"	A pair of Solid Oval Ivory Handle Butter Knives, Silver Plated, worth 3.00
For 6	"	"	One Child's Set, consisting of Pearl Handle Silver Plated Knife and Fork and Spoon in a fine Morocco Case, worth 5.50

☞ The above named goods are made at the celebrated manufactory of the Meriden Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn., and by Reed & Barton, New York City, and are warranted A No. 1 in every particular. Premiums will be forwarded as rapidly as possible in their order. A set of Spoons, Forks, &c., is always half-a-dozen pieces.

OR ANYTHING ELSE!

Any person wishing articles not on the above list, will please let us know what they prefer, and we will arrange to furnish them. *On lists of four or over, a commission of twenty per cent., (one-fifth the amount,) may be retained, if the money is preferred to the Premium.*

REMARKS.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exclusively at $3.00, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively at $2.50, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists of four or over. In lists of two or three, all must be *new* subscribers. Either of our Steel Engravings may be substituted for the Chromo.

The Canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of our beautiful Premium Chromos. They will be sent to those desirous of making up lists (and to those only) for $1.00. When the List is forwarded, the dollar may be deducted from the amount due us, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions (with the money) should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines, and Chromos at once.

EVERY NAME DESIGNED FOR A PREMIUM LIST MUST BE SO MARKED WHEN SENT IN.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Fulton not the Inventor of the Steamboat.

Fulton seems inseparably associated with the steamboat as Americus Vespucci is with the name of America, but the following extract from William L. Stone's recent "History of the City of New York," seems to contain the truth regarding the respective claims of Fitch and Fulton to the credit of the invention.

We quote it in full:

"Probably no person has received so much praise, and deserved it so little, as Robert Fulton. A man of no practical ingenuity—of no power of conceiving, much less of executing, an original mechanical idea—his friend Colden has succeeded in persuading the public that to him alone is due the successful navigation of our rivers by steam. The facts, however, as I gathered them from the late Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, who in turn received them from Chancellor Livingston himself, are as follows: Thirteen years before Fitch experimented with his steamboat upon the Collect in New York, he had, as is well known, run a little steamer on the Delaware, between Philadelphia and Bordentown, with great success. During that period he had experimented with various kinds of propelling power—the screw, the side-wheel, and sweeps or long oars. The most primitive thing about his vessel was the boiler, which consisted simply of two potash kettles riveted together. Mr. Livingston, who was greatly interested in the success of Fitch's experiments, seized the opportunity when Minister to France, to visit the workshops of Watt & Bolton, in England, where, for the first time, he saw a properly-constructed steam boiler. But how was he to introduce it into the United States, unless (which was then impossible) he went there himself?

"At this crisis he thought of Robert Fulton, who, originally an artist in Philadelphia, was then exhibiting a panorama, in Paris. His panorama, however, failing to pay, was attached, and he himself arrested for debt, and thrown into prison. Livingston also, at this time, had in his possession the plans, models and drawings of what was afterward the successful steamboat, which he had obtained from the American consul, then residing at Havre, who, in turn, had purchased them of Fitch, when the latter, completely discouraged and a stranger in France, utterly destitute, had given up in despair. Livingston falling into the error so common to many, of believing that if an artist can draw cleverly he must necessarily succeed equally well in mechanical conception and execution, paid off Fulton's debts, and sent him over to New York with one of James Watt's boilers. Fulton, however, thoroughly incompetent and untrustworthy, failed to rise to the occasion; and when Livingstone returned, a year after, he found his pet project precisely where he had left it several years before. He therefore at once took hold of it himself, and by his energy and perseverance finally brought his ideas to a successful issue—Fulton, whom he could not entirely shake off, acting as a kind of general superintendent.

"These facts, moreover, are confirmed not only by the late President William A. Duer, in his New York Letter (7th,) but by Mr. Ransom Cook, now (1871) living at Saratoga Springs, New York. Mr. Cook informs me that in the Summer of 1837 he was in the city of New York, engaged upon his electro-magnetic machinery. Among his workmen were two who had been employed by Livingston and Fulton while those gentlemen were perfecting their steamboat. They surprised him greatly by stating that Fulton was a capital draughtsman, and that was all. They added, that he was so deficient in a knowledge of the laws of mechanics as to furnish daily mirth for the workmen, and that it was a long time before Livingston could convince him that the 'starting bar' of an engine should be made larger at the fulcrum end than at the handle.'

IN DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I dream of tender voices
That I have never heard,
As full of glad, blithe music
As the song of any bird.

I dream of fair, strange faces
That I have never seen;
They come to me at midnight
And o'er my slumbers lean.

And soft hands on my forehead
Their tender touches lay,
And the cares that fill the day-time
Rise up and go away.

Oh, voices soft and tender,
Oh, faces, strange and fair,
Come in my waking moments
And drive away my care.

Come, lay upon my forehead
Your spell, oh, tender hands,
Like a breath of coolest breezes
Blown from enchanted lands.

Oh, come, for I am lonely;
Oh, come, for I am sad;
Beneath your charmed presence
I shall grow gay and glad.

Come out, come out of dream-land,
Oh, dreamed-of, yet unknown!
Come out into the real,
And live for me alone.

Oh, come! for I have called you;
Oh, come! I wait for you!
Pray God you hear, and answer—
And that my dreams come true.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

THAT ORGAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is said that our afflictions are sent to purify us; to burn up the dross in our composition so that the gold may shine forth free from alloy, and we be better men and women. Now if that be true, I certainly think that I ought to be good. I have many and various afflictions, but of one only will I speak, it is an especial one. I have a neighbor over the way whom I will call Jones, simply for the reason that Jones is an unusual name, and no one will be likely to exclaim, "is it I?" or accuse me of being personal in my remarks, if I so designate my neighbor over the way. In an evil hour a bad spirit entered into the aforesaid Jones, and caused him to purchase an organ—that organ has been, and is, the bane of my existence. Since its advent I have "died daily." It is not so large as the big organ at The Hub, but it is large enough for the noise thereof to make day and night hideous for the neighbors round about, living within the compass of half a mile of the nuisance.

Now I like good music, vocal or instrumental, as well as anybody; but, shades of Mendelssohn, Mozart and all the rest of them, *not* such noises as they grind out of that organ. Jones has a lot of female relatives both small and great that visit him; he has inundations of them about once a month, and every mother's daughter of them performs on the organ. Four of them were there not long ago, and "from early dawn till dewy eve" and often far into the night, they tortured that infernal machine. I don't mean to swear, but I have heard of infernal machines, and that organ comes the nearest being one of anything I have ever seen or heard. They sang too, did those females, or rather they screeched. "Many a time and oft" have I cast my weary frame upon my couch at night, seeking "tired nature's sweet restorer," but the drowsy god would not come near me on account of the hideous noise over the way; and no wonder, it would have scared away the great red dragon himself I verily believe. After awhile nature would succumb to exhaustion, and I would sink into a troubled sleep with the noise of that everlasting organ in my ears, and the quartette of female relatives aforesaid screaming, "Listen to the mocking bird." Is it any wonder that I dreamed of Dante's Inferno and Bedlam combined?

Now, Mr. Post, can *you* suggest any words of comfort? Any balm for my wounded feelings (I should say ears), for the cup of my indignation is full?

Oh, that some power would destroy that organ, for I am tormented by the sound thereof. "Let us have peace."

BELLE BREMER.

HOBBIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY M. T. ADKINS.

Don't you think, Mr. Post, that it is about time the quotation, beginning:

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,"

was going its annual round of the press? Some enterprising genius figured somewhat extensively on the subject last year, and at last came to the conclusion that the above lines would be quoted—well, I forget the exact number of times, but it was among the thousands.

"Melancholy days," indeed! Why, this season of the year was always associated in my mind with the in-gathering of the farmers' crops, heaping high the Winter's wood, and lighting the household fires. A season of rest and of rejoicing, of peace and of plenty.

Why, Mr. Post, if by some kind of Arabian magic you could awake one of these fine autumn mornings, to find yourself transported from the dusty, toiling scenes of the busy city, to our quiet mountain village, and could get up early and take a few mouthfuls of our pure, fresh, invigorating mountain air, and catch a glimpse of our distant woods, arrayed in all their glory of russet and brown, of crimson and gold, as they lighted up in the September sunrise—well, I won't undertake to say what *would* be the result on a staunch old Post like yourself, but I'll venture you wouldn't be caught moping around quoting to yourself in a sepulchral tone lines about "weeping winds, and wailing woods, and meadows brown and sear." No, no, you wouldn't be guilty of any such absurd nonsense.

The Americans are a great people for hobbies, and, in my opinion, this accounts for their falling into this annual melancholy strain more than any feeling or appreciation of the sentiments contained in the lines referred to. Notice to what extremes they carried the "Dolly Varden" *furore* during the past summer. Not content with Dolly Varden dresses, the dear ladies prefixed the Dickens of a name (excuse profanity) to almost every part and parcel of their attire. It was Dolly Varden this, Dolly Varden that, and Dolly Varden the other.

One ambitious and literary butcher even carried the joke so far as to advertise "Dolly Varden beefsteaks." And when the Grand Duke came over to pay us a friendly visit, we must needs commemorate the event by wearing "Grand Duke" hats and collars, and smoking "Grand Duke" segars. Now, Mr. Post, I desire your leave to enter this, my solemn protest, against this custom of the American people. This kind of hero-worship which they pay to every new name that comes along, and more especially if it happens to be a name that, in any way, can be connected with one of the noble families of Europe.

If there is any one hobby that I do believe in, implicitly and fully, it is that the American eagle can fly higher and longer without getting tired, and can scream louder without getting hoarse, than any other bird in the world.

BROKEN IDOLS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

Why is it that when women love unworthily they needs must love so well? That affection, pure, priceless and unselfish, so utterly wasted, worse than thrown away, might, if bestowed elsewhere, make earth, to at least two souls, a Paradise. But our earthly affairs are all crossed and marred, and the letters in life's alphabet so distorted and set awry, that it is by dint of hard study and unlimited perseverance if we succeed in learning our lessons—more often, we do not learn them at all in this world. Let us hope, oh, tired hearts, that all will be clear and plain to us when death with kindly hand, brushes earth's cobwebs from our mortal vision! When our idols fall, crushed and broken before us, shall we gather up the fragments, and painfully, but faithfully strive to mould anew the dismantled statue? Or shall we spurn from us with righteous indignation, the poor wrecked ruin of hope and happiness, and turn firmly away, but with hearts cold and dead within us; never, never to be re-awakened to life's first trust and hopefulness?

Ah! how our idols fall and fall around us! Some of them shattered at one fierce blow, to fall in ruins at our feet. Some of them crumbling slowly, each day shrouding something of perished loveliness, of tender grace. So almost imperceptibly these changes come, at times, that we do not, from the first, perceive our loss, and it is only when the last charm which graced our idol vanishes, that the veil is lifted. The dream was Heaven, but, oh! the awakening! Dead years are dead, and for them there can be no resurrection; but, oh, for the wild, passionate love, and the blind, unselfish trust—Youth's lost possessions—sharing, with those dead years, a common grave! On our right hand, on our left, before, behind us, everywhere, behold them! Trampled into clay, defaced, and broken, are *these* the Images we worshipped, forgetting the Infinite. Yet cast them not away; for with loving and gentle hands we may remould our broken idols, and though, perchance, they may never look so fair to us hereafter, yet will they be enduring.

INCONSOLABLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR MR. POST—I saw in your estimable paper the complaint of "Lottie Lane," of being too big. I sincerely sympathize with her, and all her fellow sufferers; but I implore you, Miss Lottie, not to think you have reached the climax of distress yet. I am the victim of a snub nose. Surely the ways of Providence are strange, very strange; for what had poor miserable I done that I should be afflicted with the disfiguration of a snub nose. Miss Lottie can console herself with the hope that Dame Nature may some day reduce her to a mere skeleton. But there is no hope for a snub nose, none whatever. I have pushed, pinched, and pulled it, but all to no purpose; it remains the same stick-up nose. I am known as the Miss M., with the snub nose.

Having any number of cousins and sisters of the same name, a person speaking of me to another will perhaps inquire, "Which Miss M.?" The answer is, "Oh! the one with THE NOSE"—as if the others did not have noses. On seeing a friend I had not seen for a number of years, and hardly recognizing her, and remarking the same, she says, "I should know you anywhere by your nose, it has not changed a particle." Of course I smiled, but I fancy it was but a grim smile at the best. In my school days my mates dubbed me with the cognomen of "Snub," and I retain it till this day. My brothers and sisters being blessed with well-shaped noses, strangers say, "Why you have an odd one in the family, she does not look like the rest of them; she has a turn-up nose." One of my *dear* lady friends very amiably said to me, that she heard a gentleman remark that I had the homeliest nose of any person he ever saw. If I could have annihilated her with a look, I should have done it with intense satisfaction.

The other day, seeing a young gentleman of my acquaintance, I bowed *very* politely, I thought at the time. He afterward confidentially told a friend, that he thought Miss M. put on a good many airs; that he spoke to her, and she just stuck up her nose and sailed by. The other demurely replied that he thought that was natural. But I might as well resign myself to my fate, remembering the old maxim, "What can't be cured, must be endured."

No indeed! being too big is no more to be compared to a snub nose, than a molehill is to a mountain.

MINNIE MORE.

"WORSE STILL."

Worse than being a reminder, worse than being too tall, too stout, or too short, is the terrible misfortune of being *too slender*.

Truly, the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, the several virtues of all the saints in the calendar are needful if you would preserve a sweet and unruffled expression amid the various misfortunes of being too thin. How mortifying it is, when you are flattering yourself that you have gained a few pounds of flesh, to be met with the exclamation, "You're a regular bean-pole!" or to be greeted by some stouter friend in this wise, "You look like a fence-rail! When will you stop growing tall, and grow a little stouter?" Or to hear the whispered insinuation, "You can't call her fat, can you?"

Oh! oh! oh! of all the miserable people she is most to be pitied who has not the average amount of flesh!

Poor me! Whenever I see a stout friend approaching, I begin to meditate on the propriety of flight, or am tempted to use artificial means to supply the neglect of Nature. *Nous verrons*, perhaps some day fashion will change, and belles will cultivate the shadowy; then, yes *then*, I shall be in my glory!

MYRTILLA.

JEALOUSY OF GIRLS.

A young gentleman writes:—Girls, as a general thing, are awfully jealous of each other. I should call this the girl's distinctive fault. See them when they are introduced, or when they first meet at a ball or croquet party; see how coldly critical they look at each other; how insolently their eyes rove over every portion of their rival's dress; read in their faces the outspoken scorn as the result of their scrutiny;—"You think you have done it very well; but you have made a fright of yourself; and I am much better than you." Watch their disdain of the more admired among them, and how excessively naughty for attracting attention they think that Ada or Amy is about whom the young men clatter. How bold she is—how over-dressed she is—how affected she is—and oh how ugly she is! Sometimes, if they are deep, they will over-praise her enthusiastically; but the ruse is generally too transparent to deceive any one, and simply amounts to what it is—a clever feint that doesn't answer. It is quite a study to watch the way in which the girls shake hands together, or take hands in dances. The limp, cool, impertinent way in which they just touch palms, then let their arms fall as if paralyzed, tells a volume to those able to read the lettering. In dancing they very frequently do not take hands at all, but just brush the tips of the fingers, or make a show of doing so, and just pass on to the "chain," to press perhaps more cordially the next male hand that grasps theirs. It may be all very right and quite according to the dispensations of Providence, but it is funny to watch, nevertheless.

PERSONAL.

Worth, the Parisian dress-maker, is bankrupt.

Pauline Lucca has her wardrobe insured for $65,000.

A London firm has sent the Empress of China a piano.

Joaquin Miller's handwriting is very bad; his lines resemble dilapidated hedge fences.

J. H. Myers, of Newark, New Jersey, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Paul Julius Immergen," furnishes most of the verses for Franz Abt's songs. He has a queer little shop in which he vends music, books, papers, cigars and tobacco. Abt paid a special visit to his friend Myers during his American trip.

Gounod, the musical composer, is said to be insane—hopelessly so. Some of his relatives assert the contrary, but it is nevertheless believed to be the fact.

Pauline Lucca went to a millinery opening in New York last week. She wore a brown silk skirt, a pongee overdress, and sack elaborately trimmed with lace and inserting of yellow guipure, and a brown hat decorated with brown rooster feathers. Her toilet was very becoming, though she wore no panier, her drapery falling in a direct line from her shoulders. When shown the Lucca train she laughed like a child, and said: "Ees it for me you name it? Thanks, I am much proud, it is very pretty."

Col. Tennie C. Claflin says: "I have seen clairvoyantly that, within two years there will be inaugurated a war more bloody and cruel than the world has seen for centuries. I shall command my regiment, and shall be killed." Hurry up that war.

Speaking of pronunciation, Sheridan agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of wind should be wynd, but insisted, contrary to Walker, that gold should be goold. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short *i*, by saying, "I have a great mind to find why you pronounce it wind." An illiberal critic retorted this upon Sheridan by saying, "If I may be so hoold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold."

Madame De Staal said, "If I were mistress of fifty languages, I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

A pleasant little incident is related of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, which occurred while visiting the Grindelwald glacier in Switzerland during her late foreign tour. Her party encountered, as other travellers do, a young Italian Swiss, who earned a precarious existence by frantic efforts to rouse an echo from the opposite cliffs by means of an awkward horn. After straining every muscle he brought forth a melancholy "toot," with no great effect upon the opposite crags. Miss Kellogg watched for some time his vain endeavors, and then, rising in the carriage, she gave one of the charming mountain jödels, and finished off with a specimen of those inimitable trills which require no patent to render them unapproachable. In an instant came back four or five beautifully-perfect echoes, with an impertinently clear trill at the end. The young Italian doffed his hat and exclaimed, "Ah, madame, could I but make an echo like that, my fortune here would be made!"

It was a rare compliment that the Philharmonic and Liederkranz Societies of New York paid the Queen of Opera, Pauline Lucca, in serenading her, lately, at her residence, 17 East Fourteenth street. The Philharmonic Society is especially chary of such courtesies, which it had tendered before to no one save Jenny Lind and Rubinstein. The scene, viewed from the vine-covered balcony, seemed like a fairy spectacle. The broad street was brilliantly illuminated with calcium lights, which showed a moving sea of heads as far as the eye could reach. It is estimated that ten thousand spectators were present. The societies played and sang some of their finest music, and, at the close, Madame Lucca was loudly called upon for a speech. After some protest, she looked out rather shyly from the wistaria, and said, in her pretty broken English, "From the bottom of my heart I thank you;" then, this not satisfying the clamor, she added, "I am extremely obliged to you. Good night!" Then, turning to the group about her, she clapped her hands and said merrily, "Isn't that pretty well?—three days in America, and two speeches already?" Madame Lucca was attended by her father and mother, and by a select party of prominent musicians, artists, and journalists invited for the occasion. She is rather tall and slender, with dark-brown hair, a dazzling complexion, finely-cut features, and gray eyes, very light, but full of magnetic fire, somewhat resembling those of Ristori. Her profile is exquisite, and her manners singularly unaffected and fascinating. At home she is the Baroness Von Rahden, the possessor of a noble name and fine social position.

Lepold De Meyer, the celebrated pianist, had *such* an experience in Turkey! He was sent for, when in Constantinople, to thump out some music before the sultan in the seraglio. It wasn't an easy thing to do. "You are sent for," says he, "at eight in the morning in order to play at three in the afternoon; you must be in full uniform; you wait seven hours in a very fine gallery, where it is forbidden to sit. From time to time you are informed of what his highness is doing. His highness has just got up—you must prostrate yourself. A little later you are told his highness is taking his bath—you prostrate yourself again. His highness is dressing—you re-prostrate yourself. His highness is taking his coffee, and you re-prostrate yourself at each of these particulars more profoundly than before. At length your piano is brought in. The legs have been taken off so as not to injure the floor, a precious mosaic of rare woods. The immense grand piano is placed on five Turks! The wretched men support the crushing mass on their knees. 'Why,' you say, 'I can't play on a five-Turk piano.' It is thought that you hesitate because the instrument is not horizontal. A cushion is therefore placed under the knees of the smallest Turk. No one supposes that a sentiment of humanity makes you hesitate. After a long explanation of this refinement of civilization the piano is placed on its own legs again. The Sultan appears. After all sorts of salaams you are told to play. You ask for a chair; there is no chair. No one ever sits in presence of his highness." M De Meyer suppresses one detail, however. He played a long fantasia on his his knees, and when, at the end the Sultan said he must be very tired, M. De Meyer convinced his highness of the contrary by moving round the gallery on his hands.

☞ In view of the style of political warfare prevailing in the present campaign, a sermon is promised from the text, "Consider the lie—lies how they grow."

☞ A man in Michigan got off a railroad train lately without waiting for it to stop, and immediately joined the "innumerable caravan."

☞ Mrs. Mary T. Van Rensselaer, who died recently in Albany, was the woman for whose beauty Queen Victoria said she would give her dominions.

STEAM-POWER

Book and Job Printing

Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Books, Catalogues, Briefs of Titles, Bill-Heads, Statements, Circulars, Checks, Pamphlets, Paper Books,

AND

ALL OTHER PRINTING.

Apply personally or by letter to

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 Walnut Street.

Or at the Printing Office in the rear, Nos. 108 & 110 Hudson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Smooth her tangled golden ringlets,
Fold her white hands on her breast,
Gentle kiss her icy forehead,
Little Birdie is at rest.
She has left this world of sorrow,
She is free from pain and care;
Darling Birdie's with the angels,
In a world so bright and fair.

How we long to hear the accents
Of her merry, childish voice,
That once thrilled us with its music,
Making every heart rejoice.
How we miss the gentle footsteps
That once tripped across the floor,
How our hearts ache to remember
That we'll see her *here* no more.

When the summer flow'rs were blooming,
In the shady forest glade,
Where the breeze blew the softest,
There our little one we laid.
Darling little angel Birdie,
Gentle spirit, pure and sweet,
Oh! how glad will be the moment
When in Heaven our child we meet.

MYRTILLA.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FAITHFUL WATCH-DOG.

We must go back a little to explain Vijal's sudden appearance on the scene.

Victor had promised to come to him at his lodgings at four o'clock every afternoon.

The faithful fellow rested comparatively easy in his mind until a day came when Victor did not make his appearance as usual. Then he knew that something must be wrong.

He found himself at a loss what to do, for a brief space. He knew the character of the men who frequented that mysterious building in Hook Dock. To go straight to the house and demand his master, would be to expose himself to imminent peril and cut off his last hope of serving Victor.

However, before it was fairly dark, he began to prowl about the house. After some difficulty, he found his way to the rear, and a glance at the windows on this side told him he was near the inhabited portion.

Dusky as it had grown, he was observed. A window went up in the second story, and a woman's shrill treble demanded:

"What do you want?"

"Nothing," he answered, sullenly, and turned as if to go away.

The woman called after him.

"Is Lurline sleeping?" she asked, piteously.

"Lurline be hanged! I don't know any such person."

He was stalking on, sullenly enough, when he heard the woman begin to sob and wring her hands.

That sound arrested his steps. He turned back, going directly under the window. Peering through the semi-darkness, he saw a wild, woeful face at the window above.

"Who are you?" he asked, more gently.

She ceased to sob.

"Who am I?" she echoed. "Oh, I'm the devil's wife."

"I don't believe it."

"But I am, though some folks call me Mad Miriam; but that isn't my name.

"Humph!" The shrewd fellow saw what was the matter with this poor woman, and felt in no hurry to go away.

She seemed to be watching him intently for some minutes. Then she spoke again.

"I say," she called, softly, "you are not the Duke of Buckingham's friend?"

"Yes," he answered, a sudden thought striking him. "Where is my friend, the Duke?"

"Ha, ha! The devil has shut him up."

"What for?"

"Oh, he knew too much, and the devil feared him. Don't you understand?"

Vijal thought he did understand; and his blood ran cold.

"Where did the devil take my friend to shut him up?" he asked.

"Oh, to Belgrave House."

"Whom do you call the devil!"

"Why Miles, of course. I thought you knew.

Then she burst out laughing.

"Wasn't it a good joke, my blackamoor? It tickled me mightily. Only I couldn't help feeling a bit sorry for the Duke, he had such a pleasant way of speaking, and was so kind to a body."

"Where is Belgrave House?"

"Oh, I don't know. Ask Miles; he'll tell you."

This was said with a cunning leer. Then she pulled off one of her satin slippers and flung it straight at Vijal's head.

"That's for good luck, though it is awfully down at the heel," she said. "Good-bye to you."

Down went the sash with a bang, and Vijal was left to ruminate over what he had heard.

Did it deserve a moment's serious thought? The woman was certainly mad. But some things she had said tallied with his own suspicions.

"I will remain quiet for the present, and keep a close watch on Miles Rugby's movements," was the conclusion he came to.

The next morning he saw Miles leave the house as if for a journey. Of course he followed him. Miles went direct to a railway terminus; Vijal did the same thing. Miles took an out train; so did Vijal. Miles left it at the first station outside the city; Vijal imitated him even in this particular.

The event showed the wisdom of this proceeding on his part. Miles took a shaded path that led up to a large brick mansion surrounded by high walls. Vijal followed him a little distance, and then questioned the first boy he met.

"What place is that?" he asked, pointing out the house in question.

"Belgrave House, sir," the boy answered.

"Humph!" suppressing a start. "What is it?"

"A private mad-house."

Vijal turned gray with horror, and beat his clenched hand against his forehead.

"God help and save us all," he muttered, "if they have put my master in there!"

"What?" cried the boy, staring at him.

"Nothing. There, go on, my fine fellow. I want nothing more."

He went up to the gates, and saw that they were kept locked. He no longer doubted the truth of Mad Miriam's information. Victor must be in that building, kept a close prisoner there—a sane man among the insane.

He went straight to hunt up a magistrate. But, being a negro, he could find nobody willing to listen to his story. The persons to whom he appealed only laughed at him, and declared he ought to be in Belgrave House himself, and should be put there if he did not cease troubling them with his improbable stories.

To his grief and mortification, he found that he had only his own efforts to rely upon.

The first thing to be done was to find a means of entering the grounds of his own free will.

This was not hard to do. He purchased two or three chisels and a mallet; then sought the more isolated portion of the wall, where he was partially screened by some shrubbery, and set to work.

Of course he was compelled to proceed as noiselessly as possible. But his zeal never once flagged. Shortly after dark that night he had finished a hole clear through the wall sufficiently large for a man to crawl through on his hands and knees.

For hours afterward he reconnoitred about the house, but to no avail. Toward morning he lay down in a snarl of rose-bushes, close against the hole he had made, and dropped off to sleep.

He was awakened by a loud shouting close at hand, and the shrill sound of whistles. He raised himself, his heart in his mouth, and looked around. Tearing straight for his refuge he saw Victor, followed by another man whom he seemed to be helping along.

They came nearer and nearer. A feeling of exultation came over Vijal. He lifted up both hands and cried in a suppressed but joyful tone of voice:

"Master Victor!"

Then he saw the young man stop, and heard him exclaim:

"Good God! It is Vijal."

"Yes, master," said the faithful fellow. "And I have come to set you free."

Victor stood and stared at him. "How?" he demanded.

For answer, Vijal pulled aside the bushes, and revealed the hole in the wall.

"Quick!" he cried. "These devils are almost upon us again. We have not a moment to spare."

Victor dragged his companion to the opening. "You go first," he said, firmly.

It was too late to argue the question. The trembling captive crawled through with surprising agility.

At the same instant there came the report of fire-arms, and two or three bullets flattened themselves against the wall. But nobody was hurt. Victor had dropped on the ground, where Vijal was already crouching.

In another moment both master and man had followed through the wall the poor fellow who had gone before them.

All three stood up on the other side, and eagerly sniffed the air of freedom. It seemed more blessed than any words of mine can tell you.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Dora was hoping, fearing, trembling and praying meanwhile in that room of which she was an enforced inmate.

She could only guess at the cause of her detention. Miles Rugby feared her because she had learned so much of his wickedness. Perhaps he only meant to keep her there until his own safety was assured; possibly her life would pay the forfeit of rashly venturing into this den of desperadoes a second time.

But, woman-like, all her thoughts were of Victor. She forgot his baseness, and all save the terrible condition in which she had last seen him. The uncertainty of his fate nearly drove her frantic. She would gladly have given worlds for one assuring word concerning him.

Nobody came near her save Miles; and he never entered the room. There was a sliding panel in the door through which he pushed such coarse food as was prepared for the helpless girl. But he refused to answer any question whatever.

Dora could not bear the shame and misery of this sort of existence. The second day of her imprisonment she went to the window and shrieked loudly for assistance.

A man was crossing the yard below. He looked up and saw her; and then stood still, staring at her in rare perplexity.

It was Tom Marvel. "Oh, Tom, Tom!" she cried, recognizing him in turn.

He made a quick gesture to enjoin silence and caution. Then he disappeared within the house.

Ten minutes later the sliding panel clicked back on its springs, and Tom's face, pale and concerned in its expression, appeared at the aperture.

"Lord bless and save us!" he gasped. "I did not know *you* were in this house, Miss Dora."

"Of course the wretches who are detaining me here would try to keep it from your ears," she returned, bitterly.

"Tell me how it happened?"

She told him. "You were very foolish for coming here again," he said then. "The captain isn't a pleasant person to deal with when his blood is up."

"I don't care for the captain," she cried, impatiently. "He may do what he pleases with me. But I do want to know what they have done with Victor. You can tell me, I am sure you can, Tom?"

Tom looked sullen, but he could not resist her impetuosity.

"I believe you love that man better than your own life," he muttered.

"Perhaps I do," her face flushing all over. "But you have not answered me, Tom. Where is he? Have those fiends killed him?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"He is alive and well?"

"I fully believe that he is."

At those blessed words Dora gave a great cry of joy, and impulsively caught Tom's hand as it hung from the aperture, and covered it with kisses and tears.

"Oh, how happy you have made me," she said, sweetly. "Victor lives! Thank God for that. Tell me where they have taken him, and I will ask no more?"

"I can't tell you that. It's a place somewhere in the country. And he is to be kept in confinement for the present. That is all I have been able to learn."

"Why should Miles Rugby make a prisoner of him?"

"I don't know."

Dora looked sorely puzzled. One question had perplexed her very much from the first. If Miles was really Victor's father, as he professed to be, why should he seek to harm the young man in any manner? It was strange, to say the least.

Tom watched her thoughtful face in silence for some minutes. "I must get you out of this, Miss Dora," he said, at last.

"Oh, if you only would, Tom."

"And yet you do not care a rush for me, Miss Dora. You will marry Victor when he comes back again, and never give a second thought to me."

"Marry Victor?" she echoed, shuddering. "I shall never do that! Oh, Tom, I can't tell you how it all came about, but he is nothing, and less than nothing to me now. Let me make a clean breast of it. I have promised to be Vincent's wife."

"Vincent's wife!"

He stood aghast, and stared hard at her, and observed for the first time how sad and wretched she looked, and how thin she had grown.

"Yes," she said, just above her breath. "I have broken my engagement with Victor, and promised to marry his twin-brother."

Tom stamped his foot. "It shall never be!" he cried angrily. "And I'll prevent it."

"What do you mean?"

"You know how madly I love you, Miss Dora. But you'll never smile on a poor wretch like me, and I might as well give up thinking of that. However, I love you too well to stand by and see you sacrifice yourself. You shall be Victor's wife and no other man's."

"Oh, no," she moaned; "that cannot be."

"It can, and shall," he said roughly. "And I have my reasons for saying so. But, first of all, you must be helped out of this wretched den. The captain is away this morning, and we can't find a better time to set a work. You are not afraid of doing something to help yourself?"

"No."

"If I were to bring you a file, do you think you could use it?"

"I could try."

"Good. Now the facts of the case are simply these: I shall pay for it with my life if I am found out in this matter. A guard is always stationed in the rooms through which this passage leads. Of course he has very special orders so far as you are concerned. We cannot hope to pass him. If you escape at all, it must be through the window."

"I understand."

"And you see there are two thin iron rods stretched across the window?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well," said Tom, smiling, "what you have to do is to file through those rods."

"What then?"

"To-morrow night I will have everything in readiness to remove you from this place."

"Heaven bless you, Tom. "You shall go with me, Tom; and I'll make a man of you yet."

"Good-bye," he said, suddenly, and turned away with the water in his eyes.

An hour later he was back again with the file, which he shoved through the aperture without uttering a word.

Dora soon learned how to use it. She worked at the rods as noiselessly as possible, but with a good deal of courage and energy.

The filings were all carefully scraped away, as fast as they were made, lest they should attract attention.

By noon of the next day her work was nearly accomplished. The bars only hung by a thin thread, which she could easily break when necessary.

Meanwhile, Miles Rugby was back again. She had seen him once or twice at the sliding-panel. He looked more sullen and morose than usual. Before the afternoon waned, he came to the hole in the door with the evident purpose of conversing with her.

"There is one way out of this place," he said, abruptly. "Do you wish to hear what that way is?"

"I wish to know," she retorted, "why you are detaining me here."

"I do not choose to discuss that question at all."

"We will discuss the other, then."

"Good. I know you have acted the part of a sensible woman since learning that Victor Raynham is another woman's husband, and betrothed yourself to his brother Vincent."

She gave a cry of surprise. "How do you know it?" she demanded.

"No matter. Have I spoken truly, or have I not?"

"You have."

"Good again. Now hear what I have to propose. I will bring Vincent here in the course of a day or two. You are to marry him in this room, and then start directly—without first having held any communication with any of your old friends—for a twelve-month's trip to Europe. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she murmured faintly, staring at him in a half-bewildered manner.

"You know the price of your liberty. Will you pay the price, or will you not?"

A burning red flamed into either cheek. "Vincent would never consent to such an unheard-of arrangement," she cried.

"Yes, he would," rubbing the palms of his hands slyly together. "I have never exchanged a single word with Vincent Raynham. And yet I know him better than you do. He loves you well enough to consent to anything. He would turn his back on this country forever if he might win you by so doing."

Dora stood still, panting and trembling. She could not think so basely of Vincent as this man seemed to think. He was too fond of Victor to go away in ignorance of his brother's fate.

"I know what you are at," she cried, sharply. "You mean to get me far enough away so that I cannot expose your wickedness in season to hinder you from consummating some crime you are now meditating."

The guilty wretch winced, and retorted:

"I cannot bandy words with you. Do you consent to my terms, or do you not?"

"Give me a day or two in which to consider the matter."

"Very well. You shall have forty-eight hours. No longer."

With that, he swung on his heel, and was gone.

Long before the forty-eight hours were up, Dora hoped to be safe at Roundwood. Hence had she temporized with the villain.

Night fell, and the still hours wore on while Dora sat by the window watching and waiting for Tom's coming. The darkness without seemed unusually intense. She could see little or nothing. At last she gave up the attempt, and knelt on the hard floor to pray.

A distant clock tolled the hour of four. Then there came a slight, a very slight, rustling in the yard below. She heard a ladder placed softly against the wall. Presently a dark figure appeared at the window and noiselessly raised it.

"I am here, Miss Dora," whispered Tom's voice.

"And I am ready," she answered, rising from her knees.

In another instant he had wrenched the bars apart, and the trembling girl had begun to descend the ladder.

On their reaching the ground, he tumbled the ladder to one side, where it would not very readily be observed, and then clasped Dora's hand tightly in one of his.

"We are in for it now, sure enough," he muttered. "But I think we shall get clear of the captain's clutches."

The streets through which they made their way were silent and deserted. They fled on and on, and were not molested. In the gray dawn they reached the terminus where they were to take the train for Roundwood station.

Here, to their consternation, they found that they had four full hours to wait.

It was extremely hazardous to linger in one place so long—and that place of all others. But they determined to run the risk.

Dora had on the cloak and veil she had worn on coming to the city that fatal night. As soon as the shops were open, Tom went out and purchased a different garment for her, and made some slight changes in his own attire. They would be less readily recognized in case of pursuit.

The four hours had nearly elapsed, and Dora was standing by a window in the waiting-room, when she suddenly clutched hold of Tom's arm, and grew as pale as death.

"See!" she cried, pointing out of the window. "We are lost! There is Miles himself!"

Tom looked out. Sure enough, the villain was coming straight to the station. But he observed, what Dora did not, that Miles walked slowly, and did not appear to be in the slightest hurry.

"I am sure he has not discovered your escape," he said, pushing Dora into a seat, and dropping her veil over her face. "The object that brings him here just now is something not at all connected with our flight—I am sure. Stay here while I reconnoitre."

He was absent five minutes, perhaps. When he came back, he said:

"The captain has taken a ticket for Roundwood station. And I now know he must have left Hook Dock before anything was discovered. He has taken a seat in one of the coaches already."

At that, Dora started up, pale and panting.

"Then the villain has some new mischief brewing," she cried. "Tom, Tom, be quick. We can take one of the rear coaches. We must reach Roundwood as soon as he does, and there confront and denounce him."

CHAPTER XL.

FATHER AND SON.

Our three fugitives, Victor, Vijal, and the stranger who had been rescued, loitered only for a single moment outside the asylum walls.

Then they clasped hands and made a bold dash across the fields, while their pursuers were yelling like so many fiends behind them, and firing futile shots after their flying figures.

They made direct for a wood at no great distance, knowing how impossible it would be for the keeper to trace their course when they were once out of sight.

The green canopy of trees seemed like the very vault of Heaven to two of the fugitives. And they looked at each other with glowing eyes and heaving breasts as they fled on and on.

At last the wood was left behind, and they came upon a snug farm-house, where an honest-looking fellow stood in the yard, harnessing a fine pair of bays to a double wagon.

Victor ran up to him and made some inquiries. A word was amply sufficient to tell him in what part of the country he was at that present moment. Then he turned to his companions with an exclamation of joy.

"We are not so very far from Roundwood," he cried. "A ride of a few hours across country would bring us to my mother's door."

At the word "Roundwood," the strange man who had been rescued from Belgrave House, gave a violent start, and staggered forward a few steps and dropped his hand on Victor's arm.

"Roundwood!" he gasped. "Oh, my God, it can't be that I am really going mad! Did you say Roundwood? and do *you* reside there?"

"Yes," answered Victor, remembering of a sudden that he had never learned the name of his new friend or told his own.

There was a moment's silence. The man's intense eyes seemed to be looking Victor through and through. Strange shades of feeling flitted across his face. He was pale as ashes.

"Who are you?" he asked, feebly.

"Victor Raynham."

There was a shrill cry. The man moaned and staggered, and when Victor put out his arms to hold him up, fell into them a dead weight.

Vijal ran for water; but before he could return, the poor gentleman had recovered a little of his strength, and was crying like a woman on Victor's breast.

"Oh, my boy," he cried, "does not your heart tell you who I am?"

The young man lifted up that wan, tear-wet face, and stared hard at it. "No," he answered, almost ready to cry himself.

"I do not wonder. Oh, my son! I *am your father!*"

Victor could not have been more surprised if a thunderbolt had exploded at his feet. He stood still for a moment, trembling and panting. Then the assurance that this man had spoken the truth flashed vividly upon his mind.

"I—I—do not quite understand," he stammered. "Are you Leonard Raynham?"

"Yes, I am Leonard Raynham"

"Oh, can it be? My God, I thank Thee for this hour."

Then father and son hung on each other's neck and wept and laughed for joy.

Our pen refuses to record the events of the next ten minutes. When they were ended, Victor reluctantly released himself from his father's embrace and approached the farmer.

"I will give you twenty dollars to drive us to Roundwood," said he.

His offer was taken up, and they jumped into the wagon and at once set out upon their journey.

On the road Victor and Mr. Raynham had ample time for conversation. They sat side by side, and went over the story of the past in a broken disjointed way that was very pardonable under the circumstances.

"It isn't possible that you have been shut up in that horrible place all these years?" said Victor with a shudder.

"I was a young man, not much older than you are, when I first passed within the asylum gates, "was the answer, given in a trembling voice. "And I have grown old and gray there, as you see me now. Oh, may God's curse light upon the wretch who has robbed me of my manhood's prime! May he suffer ten-fold the torture—the maddening suspense he has made me endure!"

He covered his face, and sat shaking and groaning. But at last he spoke again.

"I don't know how I have lived and endured all the agony it has been my lot to bear. I wonder that my mind is not a perfect wreck. Ah, just Heaven! it was terrible! A sane man surrounded by madmen! A loving husband torn from the wife of his bosom! A fond father entrapped away from the twin boys he had come to dote upon! Never hearing one word from them—never knowing whether they were living or dead. And all this for years, Victor, for long weary years."

Then he went on to recount some of his sufferings. But Victor stopped him. He could not bear to hear the story.

"You have not told me who shut you up in Belgrave House," he said.

Of course he knew. But he wanted to hear what his father would say of Miles Rugby.

Leonard Raynham's face darkened perceptibly. "It was my cousin," he said between his shut teeth. "Benjamin Sykes, the keeper of the asylum, was only a tool in his pay. But my cousin, Reuben Raynham, was at the bottom of it all. Oh, curse him, curse him!"

Then his face softened in its expression, and he asked gently—

"What have you all thought of me at home, my boy?"

"We were told that you were dead—that you had died in a foreign land. My mother herself believed it. But she never told Vincent or myself what else she believed."

"What did she believe?"

"That you had fled with another man's wife!"

"Good God! Did she really believe that?"

"She could not help believing it. You were missing, and so was this guilty creature. And somebody had seen you go away together."

Mr. Graham ground his teeth. "It is all the doings of that devil, Reuben," he said, fiercely. "He meant to ruin me utterly in the estimation of those I love. It was he who fled with some silly creature who was fond of him. And this he did directly after having incarcerated me in Belgrave House. And he laid his plans in such a manner that everybody was led to suppose it was I and not he, who was acting thus wickedly. We strongly resembled each other in those days, and his deception could easily be carried out in consequence."

"How do you know all this?"

"The fiend has come to my cell-door more than once, and boasted of what he had done. But I always clung to the hope that my wife would believe in my truth and honesty in spite of his devilish deeds."

"Why should he have sought your ruin so persistently?"

"I can answer even that question, my son. He loved your mother before I married her—loved her madly and desperately, as I now know full well. He hated me because I won her. He is cruel and vindictive—he determined to take a terrible vengeance upon me."

Victor remembered what he had read in those papers in the rendezvous at Hook Dock. It was now quite clear to him. But ah, how little did he think at the time that those appeals for help were written in his own father's blood! Or that the woman of whom Reuben had written in such mad terms was his own mother!

Truly the hand of God had been in everything that had occurred.

God's hand which, sooner or later, is sure to confound the wicked and exalt virtue and truth and goodness, no matter how low they have been trampled in the mire.

At his father's request Victor began to recount what had happed at Roundwood. At last he reached the point where he was compelled to tell the story of his mission to Hook Dock.

Mr. Raynham listened in an agony of rage and wonderment. "To think that the villain should have dared to pass himself off for me, and to *my* wife, and *my* son," he groaned. "Oh, this is too much! The daring impostor! The heartless miscreant! I shall murder him for this—I know I shall!"

Victor sought to calm him. "I think my mother half suspected the imposture from the first," he said. "And yet when this Miles Rugby, alias Reuben Raynham, came to her and with your voice and face and every gesture owned himself to be you, she scarcely dared to doubt.

"But it was she who sent me to Hook Dock. She did not tell me all she suspected, but I can guess it now. She was determined to know the truth. And so was I—especially after I had examined some of the villain's papers."

"What papers?"

"There is no need to speak of but one, now. And of that I read but a single sentence. It was the fragment of a letter written, perhaps, to Benjamin Sykes. And the sentence let in a whole flood of light upon my mind for it ran thus—

"The tangled threads of my life and Leonard Raynham's are now so inextricably interwoven, and I have planned and manœuvred so skilfully in the past, that I can step into Leonard's shoes any moment I please, and defy the whole world to discover that I am Reuben, and not the man I *claim* to be!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XXV.

All was confused and undefined
In her all-jarred and wandering mind;
A chaos of wild hopes and fears—
And now in laughter, now in tears,
But madly still in each extreme,
She strove with that convulsive dream.
—*Byron.*

Autumn was at hand. Jessie's chief pleasure was in wandering through the woods, and gazing on the brilliant jewelry of Nature. The weeks that had passed had restored her to health; but her step had not regained its elastic lightness; her voice had lost its old joyous tones; her once roseate cheek had lost forever its vivid bloom; and the bright, joyous light of hope and happiness had died out in the deep, melancholy blue eyes. She moved through the little cabin, the shadow of her former self, pale, wan, and spiritual. And in looking at her slight, delicate figure, her fair, transparent little face, with its sad, haunting eyes, you might have thought her some fair vision of another world, and almost expect to see her fade away before your very eyes.

It was very lonesome, buried there, with no companions but the man Luke and the maniac Edith. But its very loneliness made it all the more welcome to our little recluse, who dreaded nothing so much as a discovery; and in roaming through the grand old woods she felt she never wanted to leave this solitary spot again. At any other time she would have shrunk in terror from the prospect of passing the long, dreary winter here, when even the comfort of these walks would be denied her. How little did she dream of all that was to occur before that winter came!

Luke's absences to Glenleith to buy necessaries for the little family were the only incidents that broke the unvarying monotony of their life. At first, Jessie had been somewhat afraid of remaining alone with Edith; but finding she was, as Luke had said, perfectly harmless—sitting for hours together playing with her kitten—she had soon recovered from this fear. Love was a necessity of Jessie's life, and as time passed she learned to love Edith with a deep, earnest love that sometimes surprised even herself. The maniac, too, in her own fitful, uncertain way, seemed to return this love, and would sit for half a day at a time with her head lying in Jessie's lap, and the vacant, childish smile on her face.

As for Luke, no one could know him, with his simple goodness and benevolence, without loving him; and Jessie already loved and revered him as a father, while he felt an affection for his little stray waif, second only to that which he felt for Edith.

As yet, he had not told her the history of the maniac; and Jessie, for the most part, absorbed in her own sad thoughts, had almost forgotten it; but one cold and blustering night, as she drew her low easy-chair up to the fire, while her nimble fingers busily flew in making some warm clothing for the Winter, she reminded him of his promise, and urged him to relate it.

Edith had already retired, and lay asleep in her bed in the corner of the kitchen; and Luke, his day's work done, sat opposite Jessie, making wicker-baskets, which he was in the habit of taking to Glenleith, at intervals, to sell, and which constituted the principal income of the family.

"It seems a sad thing to recall days so long past," said Luke, with a sigh; "but thee deserves to know, Jessie, for waiting so long patiently. And, my daughter, when thee hears, thee may think it strange that there should be so much wickedness in this world; but the Lord will redeem his servants in his own good time.

"Let me see: it requires time to look so far back. My father was a farmer, living in Ayrshire, and belonged to the Society of Friends. He had a brother, it seems—a wild youth, who ran away at the age of sixteen, and went to sea. Eight years passed before they received any news whether he was living or dead; and then a letter came to my father from him, saying he was in Portugal, in a place called Cintra, and was married to a Portuguese girl of that place.

"After that, for fourteen years more, we heard nothing else from him, until one cold Winter's night, as we were all sitting round the fire, there came a knock at the door, and when one of my sisters opened it, a man, dressed like a sailor, entered, leading a little girl of twelve years old by the hand. That man was my father's long-absent brother, whose wife was dead, and who wished to place his only child with his friends before he went to sea again. That child is now the maniac Edith thee sees on that bed."

Uncle Luke's lips quivered a little as his eyes fell on the still beautiful face of the sleeper, and Jessie listened with a look of the deepest interest.

"Edith, though only a child then," said Uncle Luke, resuming his work, "was taller and more womanly-looking than many girls of sixteen, with the most beautiful face thee ever saw in thy life. My three sisters were then accounted very handsome girls by everybody; but they were no more to be compared to her than candles are to stars. They had fine, healthy figures, and red cheeks, and round, merry faces; but she had a dark, oval face, with long, beautiful, black curls, and large, melancholy, dark eyes. Ah, my daughter, thee looks as if thee thought her beautiful still, but she is nothing now to what she was then.

"Edith could speak very little English then—hardly a word; and I remember how the villagers used to laugh at her attempts to talk with them; but when they looked at her mourning dress, and sad, beautiful face, their laughter quickly ceased.

"Her father, who, though not rich, had some money, wished her to be sent to some good boarding-school, where she could acquire a good education. He was going off on some voyage, in which he expected to make his fortune; and when he came back he said Edith should be a great lady.

"Accordingly, three weeks after she came, she was sent away to a boarding-school, and I do not think there was one sorrier to bid her good-bye then than I was. Her father, the next day, went away in his ship, destined to some far-off place, which he was doomed never to reach; for a month after news came that the vessel was wrecked, and all hands cast away; so that Edith had now no living relatives in this country except us.

"As her father, before he went, had made abundant provision for her schooling, in case anything should happen, Edith remained five years at school. We saw very little of her all this time, for she mostly spent her vacations with her friends, the school-girls; but when the period of her stay had elapsed, she came back to the old homestead. We had parted from her a beautiful child; but she returned a woman—peerless, superb—a perfect vision of beauty. Everybody was raving about her. All the young men, far and near, were in love with her; but Edith never seemed to care for any of them, and used to spend her time embroidering, or reading, or playing on the guitar, and singing songs about 'beautiful Cintra.' I was a young man, then, some seven and twenty years of age; and I, too, like the rest, fell in love with my beautiful, dark-eyed cousin. It was a hopeless love, and I knew it; I felt that she was as far above me as Heaven is above the earth, and I locked my secret in my own bosom, and I resolved I would never give her a moment's pain by telling her of it.

"I was, however, her favorite; there were two more brothers, but she liked me best—but only with a sisterly love. To me alone she used to speak of the vine-clad hills of Portugal, of her beautiful dead mother; and of her longings for sunny Cintra once more. And I used to sit and listen, and sympathize with her, and keep down the yearning desire that used to fill my heart, to kneel at her feet, and ask her to give me the right to take her there.

"Ah, little Jessie, thee may wonder how such a rough, uncouth man as I am, could ever feel love like this, but I could have died then for my beautiful cousin, though she nor no one else ever dreamed I cherished for her other than a cousinly affection. When I used to see her smile on other young men, and lean on their arm, and listen, and look pleased when they talked, and blush when she would meet their eyes, I used to feel the demon of jealousy rising within me; and then I would be forced to tear myself away from them all, lest my looks or actions might betray me. It was very hard then to bear my lot patiently, but when, after awhile, Edith would come back to me, and tell me how tiresome they all were, and that I was the dearest, best cousin in the world, and worth all the other young men she knew put together, I used to feel recompensed for it all, and I could have knelt down at her very feet in gratitude for the words.

"These were the happiest days of my life, little friend, and though I knew Edith could never love me, yet I felt, if I might only be near her, and know she was happy, and see her smile on me sometimes, I could even bear to see her married to some man more worthy of her than I was. I do not say there were not times when I was tempted to murmur and wish Heaven had gifted me with a less ungainly form, for Edith's sake; yet I think I may say I strove to subdue all such ungrateful murmurs, and think of my many blessings, and on the whole I was happy.

"My father, who was growing old and infirm, loved Edith with a passionate fondness, and often spoke of his cherished wish of seeing her united to one of his sons. I was the oldest, and his favorite, and I knew his ardent desire was to see us married; but as this could never be, I always strove to evade giving a direct answer to his questions concerning my feelings toward my cousin.

"To her he had never spoken on the subject; but on his death-bed he called us to him, and putting her hand in mine, charged us to love one another, and become husband and wife. Ah, there was little need to tell me to love one I almost worshipped already. Edith's hand lay passively in mine. She was weeping convulsively, and neither of us would render his last moments unhappy by saying his dearest wish could not be fulfilled. I thought then she had merely acquiesced to soothe his dying moments, and resolved, much as I loved her, not to bind her by any such promise; but in the bustle and confusion of the next three days there was no time for explanation, and the funeral was over before I could even speak a word to her in private.

"The day after the funeral I found her sitting alone in a sort of arbor at the end of the garden, and going up to her, I said, with abrupt haste, for every word seemed to stick in my throat—

"'Edith, I knew thee did not like to refuse my father's dying request to marry me; but as the promise was given against thy will, I have taken the first opportunity of telling thee I do not consider it binding, and so far as I am concerned, thee may consider thyself quite free from all engagement to me.'

"I did not dare to gaze at her as she sat there, looking so sweet and beautiful, lest my resolution should falter, and I turned away, and was about to leave, when her voice recalled me.

"'Do you wish our engagement broken, Cousin Luke?' she said, softly.

"'Wish it!' I cried, forgetting prudence, resolution—everything but her. 'Oh, Edith, I love thee better than all the world!'

"'Then take me for your wife,' she said, coming over, and pushing back the hair from my face, she kissed me, and was gone.

"For awhile I could not tell whether I was sleeping or waking, her words seemed so unreal. I stood like one in a trance—like one in some blissful dream, from which he fears to awaken. I could not realize that this peerlessly-beautiful girl could be willing to marry me, a rough, homely, plodding farmer. I resolutely shut my heart against the bewildering conviction; but that evening, when we sat alone together, and I asked her to repeat what she had said, she smiled at

my incredulity, and told me she intended to be my wife just as soon as our term of mourning expired, and that I might make known our engagement as soon as I liked.

"'It will save me from being persecuted by the attentions of other young men, you know, Cousin Luke,' she said.

"Everybody was surprised when they heard of it, for she had rejected richer and far handsomer men, and for awhile people refused to believe it; but when they saw us always together, and Edith quietly confirmed the report, they were forced to the conviction that it really was true, and I was looked upon as the most fortunate and enviable of men.

"The next three months I was the happiest man in the world, and in nine months more we were to be married, and go on a tour to Portugal. It seemed too much happiness for me. I could not realize that it would ever prove true, and, alas! it never did.

"One day there came a letter from a school friend of Edith's, who lived in Craig's End, inviting her there on a visit. Edith wished to go, and no one opposed her; but I saw her set out with a sad foreboding that this visit would prove fatal to my new-found happiness.

"Three months passed away before Edith came back. She used to write to us at first long, gay, merry letters, telling us all about the place, and the people she met; but gradually her letters grew shorter, and more reserved, and less frequent, and for a month before her return ceased altogether. I was half-crazy with anxiety, doubts and apprehensions, and was about to set out for Craig's End, to see if anything had happened, when one day the stage stopped at the door, and Edith alighted—yes, Edith, but so changed I hardly knew her. Pale, cold, and reserved, she sang and laughed no longer, but used to sit for hours, her head on her hand, thinking and thinking. Edith was bodily with us, but in spirit she was far away—where, I dared not ask. She hardly ever spoke now, but sat by herself in her own room, except at meal-times. From me she shrank with a sort of dread, mingled with shame—coloring and averting her head when she met my eye; and, much as I loved her, I used ever after that to shun meeting her, lest it should give her pain.

"But, oh, Jessie, what it cost me to do this may thee never know! I saw she repented her promise, given in a moment of impulsive generosity, and I resolved that that promise I would never call upon her to redeem.

"One morning she made her appearance at the breakfast-table, looking pale, wild, and terrified. We all thought she was ill; but she said she was not. She had had dreams, she said, forcing a smile, and a headache, but a walk in the breezy morning air would cure that.

"After breakfast, as I stood leaning against a tree, thinking sadly of all I had lost, she came up to me, and laying her hand on my shoulder, said—

"'Cousin Luke, I have seemed cold and distant to you for the past few days, and I fear I have offended you. Can you forgive me?'

"She spoke hurriedly, and with a certain wildness in her manner; but I did not notice it then. I thought she was about to be my own Edith again, and how readily that forgiveness was given I need not tell thee. She stooped down and kissed my hand while I spoke, and then, without a word, started off down the street at a rapid walk, from which she never came back."

Uncle Luke paused, and his hands trembled so that for a moment he could not go on with his work. Then, recovering himself, he continued—

"All that day passed, and she did not return; and when night came we began to wonder at her delay. Still we were not uneasy, for we thought she had stopped all night at the house of some friend; but the next day passed, and the next, and nothing more was heard of her. Then we grew alarmed, and I was about to rouse the neighborhood and go in search of her, when a letter was brought to me in her well-known writing. A terrible thought flashed across my mind at the sight. I sank into a chair, tore it open, and read:—

"'Cousin Luke—I have gone—fled from you all forever. Do not search for me, for it will be useless. I cannot ask you to forgive me—I have wronged you too deeply for that; but do not curse the memory of the unworthy EDITH.'

"Every word of that note is ineffaceably burned in my heart and brain. In that moment my whole life and destiny were changed. I did not show the note to a living soul. I rose up and told them to hush their clamors, and never to mention her name more. I think my looks must have frightened them, for they drew back in silence, and I put on my hat, and without speaking a word walked out of the house. The moment I had read the words, my resolution was taken. I determined to go forth and seek for her till she was found, and tell her with my own lips that I forgave her all. In a week I had arranged my affairs. I left to my second brother the farm, and without telling him where I was going, or what was my object, I left home, and I never saw it more.

"I went to Craig's End; I felt sure I should find her there, and I was right. Just one week after my arrival, as I was out taking a stroll through the town one night about dusk, a woman, dressed in deep black, and closely veiled, brushed hastily by me. I started as if I had received a galvanic shock, for though the veil hid her face, there was no mistaking that tall, regal form, and quick, proud step. I knew I had found Edith. I turned and followed her. I overtook her, and laying my hand on her arm, I said—

"'Cousin Edith!'

"At the sudden sound of my voice she started, and shrieked aloud, and would have fallen if I had not supported her. Fortunately, the street was almost deserted, and no one noticed us; and I drew her arm within mine, and said—

"'Fear not, Edith; I have only sought you out to tell you I forgive you for the past.'

"'And you can forgive me after all I have done—after so cruelly, so deeply wronging you! Oh, Cousin Luke!' she cried out passionately.

"'Hush, thee will be heard,' I said, softly. 'I am thy brother now, Edith. Where does thee live? I will go with thee, and if thou art willing to tell me, I will hear thy story.'

"She tried to speak, but something seemed to choke her, and we hurried on in silence until we reached the hotel where she stopped. When we were in her room, she sank down at my feet, and holding up her hands, cried out—

"'Once again—once again say you forgive me! Oh, Cousin Luke, I cannot believe what I have heard!'

"She looked so pale and haggard, that I felt I had more to pity than forgive. I raised her up, and said—

"'I have nothing to forgive, Edith. Look on me as a brother, and while I live I will ever regard thee as a dear sister.'

"What she said then, and how wildly she talked and wept, I need not tell thee now. I waited till she was calm; but it was long before she was composed enough to tell me her story, and then I learned she was already a wife, though no one knew it but myself, her husband, and the clergyman who had united them.

"Thee has heard of Oscar Macdonald, the late owner of the castle—a man feared by all, and loved by few? It was to him she was married. His first wife had been dead some years, and he resided with his young son and daughter on the island. He had met Edith during her stay in Craig's End, and had fallen violently in love with her. He was a tall, stalwart, handsome man, as all his race ever were, and she returned his passion with all the fierce impetuosity for which those of her nation have ever been distinguished. But he was proud, very proud and arrogant, like all the Macdonalds, and would not stoop to marry a girl so far beneath him publicly. Thee knows I told thee she was only a sailor's daughter, and an unknown foreigner besides. He gave her some plausible reason—I forget what—and urged a private marriage. She loved him, and was easily persuaded, and though unknown to the world, was Oscar Macdonald's wife.

"I promised not to reveal her secret; but I felt that a marriage with such a passionate, vindictive man as he was could be productive only of misery and sorrow to her. She had no friend in the world but me, and I resolved to remain in Craig's End, and watch over her safety.

"So nearly two years passed. Edith dwelt sometimes in Craig's End, and sometimes in the island. Macdonald's Castle, thee knows, is a large house, full of rooms and passages, and she could easily remain there for weeks at a time without being discovered. Oscar Macdonald had a schooner, and kept five or six rough-looking sailor fellows, half smugglers and whole villains, constantly around him. I managed to obtain employment about the place, and was thus enabled to remain on the island and, unsuspected, watch over Edith.

"Edith, when in the island, always lived in some of the upper rooms where the children and servants never came. One day, when she was in Craig's End, I chanced to have some errand to those apartments, and entering a little dark closet off one of the large rooms, I knelt down to grope for something on the floor, when my hand pressed heavily on something which I know now to be a spring: a trap-door fell, and I came very near being precipitated down twelve feet to one of the rooms below—a large, empty apartment, filled with old lumber.

"When I had recovered from my astonishment at this unexpected occurrence, I examined the trap, and found it could be opened from below, and that, owing to the darkness of the closet, when shut it could never be discovered. I was at no loss to account for its object, as it had evidently been constructed by some former occupant for no good purpose. I felt convinced, however, that the present proprietor knew nothing of it, or long ere this it would have been made use of; and I resolved to say nothing about it, not knowing for what evil end he might use it.

"I was right when I felt that this hasty marriage between Edith and Oscar Macdonald could be productive of nothing but misery. Already he was wearying of her, but that did not prevent him from being madly jealous. A stranger, a mere youth, and the handsomest I ever saw, had met Edith somewhere, and was deeply struck by her beauty. He was a gay, thoughtless lad, and Oscar Macdonald, overhearing some speeches he had made about her, had all the fierce jealousy of his nature aroused. He set spies to watch Edith; her every word and look was distorted, after the fashion of jealous people, into a confirmation of her guilt, and poor Edith led a wretched life of it. Her only comfort now was her little daughter, of whom I had forgotten to tell thee before.

"One night, one of his spies came to the island and sought an interview with Oscar Macdonald. What its purport was, I know not; but when it was ended, his face was livid—absolutely diabolical with passion. Two of his villainous crew were despatched in a boat to Craig's End; and when they returned, they brought with them this youth, gagged and bound hand and foot. Edith was at the time dwelling in the lodge, for Macdonald was too madly jealous to suffer her to go out of his sight.

"I had a presentiment that something terrible would occur that night, but I never dreamed of the awful murder that was perpetrated in one of the upper rooms. It was a stormy, tempestuous night, but the men were sent off again, to a little sea-coast village, some miles below Glenleith, and when they came back, they had with them another man, gagged and bound like the first.

"I could not rest that night, but sat anxiously in my room, in the basement story, longing with a strange dread for the morning. I felt sure some evil was meditated, and as I listened, I suddenly heard one wild, terrific shriek, from some one I knew must be Edith. Half-mad with terror, I fled from the room, and stole into the lower hall to listen, but all was perfectly still. For upward of half an hour I remained thus; but nothing broke the deep stillness, until heavy footsteps began to descend the stairs, and I saw the worst two of Macdonald's gang coming down, and leading between them the man they had last brought to the isle. They placed him in a boat and rowed away, and I returned to the house, still ignorant of what had transpired. As I approached it, I saw two others of the crew talking in low, hushed voices, as they descended to the shore. I stole behind them to listen; and judge of my horror when I learned that, in his frantic jealousy, Macdonald had murdered this stranger youth, and in his infernal barbarity had cast his loving wife and the murdered body of her supposed lover into a room together—consigning her to a death too fearful to contemplate. The man who had just been taken away was a mason, who had been procured to wall up the only door to the room.

"I listened, my very life-blood freezing with horror; but judge of my feelings when, from their description of the room, I knew it to be the one with the hidden door. In that instant, everything was forgotten but the one thought of freeing her who was dearer still to me than life. I was more like a frantic man than one sane.

"I procured a ladder, made my way noiselessly into the deserted lumber-room, ascended it, and carefully let fall the trap. The lifeless form of the murdered man lay across the opening, but I pushed it aside, and sprang into the room, thinking only of Edith. In the farthest corner, crouching down to the floor, she sat, a gibbering idiot. The terrible shock had driven her insane.

"What I felt at that dreadful sight, no words can ever tell. I raised her in my arms, and bore her, unresisting, down into the lumber-room. I closed the trap, concealed the ladder, and carrying her as if she were an infant, I fled from the accursed spot. She neither spoke nor uttered a single cry, but lay passively in my arms. There were boats on the shore; I placed her in one, and with a strength that seemed almost superhuman, rowed over the heaving waves till morning. Whither I was going I knew not, neither did I care; my only object was to bear her beyond the reach of her deadly enemy.

"When morning came, I found myself on the shore below this place. I had often been here, and admired this quiet and hidden spot, buried in the depths of the woods. Here I bore Edith, who followed me like a child, and before noon I had constructed a sort of rude hut to screen her from the heat of the sun and the night-dew. Then I went to Glenleith for such necessaries as I immediately required; and resolved that here I would spend my life in watching over my poor, insane cousin.

"It would be dull, tedious, and uninteresting, to relate how I labored for the next few weeks to construct this hut, and form, as best I could, the rude furniture you see here. It was a labor of love, and I heeded not fatigue, nor want of rest until it was completed. No child in the arms of its nurse could be more quiet and docile than Edith, but I saw that reason had fled forever. I fancied she would always remain thus still and gentle, and never dreamed she could be attacked by paroxysms of violence, like other lunatics, until one night I was startled to find her raving mad flying through the house and shrieking murder. All the events of that terrible night seemed to come back to her, and she fled from the house before I could detain her, sprang into the boat, and put off for the island. She knew how to manage a boat, and before I could reach Glenleith and procure another, she had reached the island, entered Macdonald's Castle, still making the air resound with her shrill shrieks of murder. Fortunately in the dark she was not perceived, and I managed to seize her and bear her off to the boat before any one beheld her.

"A fortnight after, when I visited Glenleith, I learned that Oscar Macdonald was dead, and I knew that he must have heard her cries, and supposing them to be supernatural, the shock had hastened his death.

"Of Edith's child I could discover nothing. How he disposed of it is unknown to me to this hour.

"And so Edith and I have lived here for fourteen years, unmolested, and our very existence is doubtless long since forgotten. She is, as you see her, gentle and harmless; but she still has those periodical attacks of violence, but in a lesser degree than at first. At such times, by some strange instinct, or glimmering of reason, she always seeks the isle, enters Macdonald Castle, and goes wandering through the rooms, as if vacantly trying to remember something that is past. These nocturnal visits have given the castle the reputation of being haunted, which her appearance at different times upon the isle has confirmed. As the house was for several years deserted, except by some old servants, after the death of Oscar Macdonald, she could roam with impunity through the rooms—sometimes even pushing back bolts and entering apartments that were locked. Such, Jessie, is the story of the maniac, Edith."

All this time Jessie had been listening with a look of the deepest, most absorbed attention, in silent amazement at all she heard. The mystery of the haunted house and the spirit of the isle was cleared up at last.

"And the child—did you never hear anything more of it?" inquired Jessie.

"Nothing concerning it have I ever heard."

"Then it may still be alive."

"It is very probable; villain as he was, he would not slay his own child. But enough of this: it is wearing late, and thee looks tired, Jessie. Good-night, my daughter."

Jessie sought her couch to wonder and dream over what she had heard, and forget for a time her own griefs in thinking of the greater ones of poor Edith. How similar, too, seemed their fates! The sufferings of both had originated in those fatal secret marriages. Edith's were over, but Jessie's were not, and wondering how hers were to end, Jessie fell asleep.

And thus days and weeks and months glided by in the little, lonely cot. The long, dreary winter passed, and the late spring was again robing the trees in green, while the inmates of the cottage knew nothing of the events passing in the great world, more than if they no longer dwelt in it—dreamt not of the startling *dénouement* to the tragedy of the isle that was even then hastening to a close! until their peace was broken by an unexpected occurrence that roused Jessie into electric life once more.

But for the present we must leave her, and return to the other scenes and characters of our story.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Oh! tell me, father, can the dead
Walk on the earth and look on me,
And lay upon the living's head
Their blessing or their curse?
She comes to me each night
The dried leaves do not feel her tread;
She stands by me, in the deep midnight,
In the white robes of the dead.

WHITTIER.

And now we must return to the day following that night of storm and crime on the shore of Macdonald's Isle.

When Vaughan awoke to consciousness once more, he found himself lying on a lounge, with some one chafing his hands and temples. Unable for a moment to realize what had happened, he started up, and gazed wildly around. The first object on which his eyes rested was the pale, anxious face of his wife, as she bent over him.

That sight brought back all. With a hollow, unearthly groan, he fell back, exclaiming—

"Heaven and earth! has the grave given up its dead? Or am I dead, with my victim confronting me in another world?"

But at the sound of his voice, Fanny uttered a joyful cry, and falling on her knees beside him, clasped her arms round his neck, crying out—

"Oh, Charles! dearest Charles! thank Heaven you are still alive. Oh, Charles, I was mad, reckless; only forgive me for the miserable past, and as Heaven hears me, I will never—never make you so wretched more."

Her tone, her look, her clasp, convinced him she was really alive. With his brain burning and throbbing as though he were going mad, he started up, and grasped her by the arm, while he fairly shrieked—

"Woman! do I speak to the living or the dead? Did I not murder you?"

"Dearest Charles, no! The fall scarcely hurt me at all. It was all my own fault; do not think of it any more, and do not speak, or look so crazed and excited. Do you not see I am alive and well?"

Yes, he saw it. She whom he supposed was buried forever in the heaving sea, was bending over him, holding his frenzied head on her breast—pushing back the wild black hair soothingly off his burning brow. Was he sane or mad? Were all the events of the previous night only the horrible delusion of a dream? the vivid deception of a nightmare? Was the storm, the murder, all a mocking unreality? He looked down, and saw on his cloak a dark, clotted mark, the maddening evidence of the past, and knew that it was not a dream. His wife was living still. Who then had fallen by his hand? In the storm and darkness, what horrible mistake had he made? He ground his teeth and clenched his hands together to keep back the terrific emotions that made his very brain reel, feeling as though hell itself, in that moment, could not have greater tortures than he endured.

Dreaming not of what was passing in his mind Fanny still bent over, caressing him, and striving to soothe him back to calmness, bitterly accusing herself for her heartless conduct, that had drive him to such a depth of misery and despair.

"Oh, Charles! my dearest husband! only say you forgive me for the past! I have done very wrong, but I never meant to torture you thus. Oh! indeed I never—never meant it! I will do anything, be anything, go anywhere you wish for the future. Dearest Charles, will you not say you pardon me?"

"Leave me—leave me!" groaned the unhappy man, averting his head, and shading his eyes with his hands.

"But say you forgive me first, Charles! Oh! if you knew what a miserable night I have passed, you would think I had atoned sufficiently for what I have done."

"You—you—where were you last night?" he cried, with sudden wildness, starting up.

"I was here, of course. For Heaven's sake, Charles, do not excite yourself so," she said, startled and alarmed.

"Were you here all night?"

"Certainly, Charles. If I had been inclined to go out I was not able; and if able and inclined, I could not have done so in such a storm. Do compose yourself, Mr. Vaughan."

"You are sure you were here all night?"

"Most certainly I was. Why will you persist in asking me such a question?" she said, in extreme surprise. Again he fell back with a shuddering groan. "Dear Charles, you are very ill. I must send for a physician," said Fanny, in great alarm, thinking his violent jealousy had unsettled his brain.

"No—no! on your peril, no," he vehemently exclaimed. "Leave me! all I want, all I ask for, is to be alone!"

"But you have not yet forgiven me. Will you not do so before I go?"

"Yes—yes, anything—only leave me."

Sighing deeply, Mrs. Vaughan arose, and pressing a kiss on his brow, left the room.

And he was alone—alone with his own frenzied, tumultuous thoughts—alone with his own conscience, the most terrific companion a guilty man can have. Again came the torturing thought. What, oh, what had he done! Who, in his mad passion, had he slain? While reason and judgment slept, and jealousy and blind frenzy raged, what wrong had he committed?

But his wife lived. With a sudden revulsion of feeling, in all the tempest of agony and remorse, that conviction was the one gleam of blessed sunlight in the dark night of despair. Come what might, she who had given up all for him, had not fallen by his hand—her death was not on his soul. And he drew a deep respiration of relief.

How strongly amidst the wildest chaos of doubt and anguish does the instinct of self-preservation ever remain in the ascendant. All other thoughts quickly passed away, and the one absorbing idea of securing his own safety filled his whole breast. He thought, with a start of alarm, what conjecture his strange questions and wild excitement must have given rise to in the mind of his wife, and resolved that for the future, come what might, he would be on his guard, and not commit himself by betraying his emotions.

"I must leave this place immediately," was his thought, "before suspicion will have time to fix on me, and trust to time and absence for security. But first I must find some clue to this horrible mystery. Oh, that dreadful night! Would to Heaven it could be for ever blotted from my memory."

Even while he spoke, an unusual bustle below met his ear. He heard voices speaking in quick, excited tones; then a scream, and then the sound of many feet, hurrying to and fro. With the one idea, the one dread thought of his guilt being discovered, ever uppermost in his mind, he listened in an agony of impatience for what might follow. Still the bustle and excitement continued, and wrought up to a fever of anxiety, he was about to rise and go in quest of information, when the door suddenly opened, and Fanny—pale, trembling, and horror-stricken—stood before him.

"In the name of Heaven, what is the matter, Fanny?" he asked, in a voice hoarse with agitation.

"Oh, Charles! you have not heard the dreadful news," she said, trembling.

"What dreadful news? Speak and tell me instantly!" he said, grasping her arm, and setting his teeth hard.

"You remember that lovely island-girl, Jessie?"

"Yes? what of her?" he said, turning frightfully pale.

"In the fearful storm of last night she was most foully murdered. Poor, gentle, little Jessie!"

He knew all now, he remembered her resemblance to his wife—that had deceived him. She, then, had been his victim. In spite of all his resolve to be calm, he was forced to grasp a chair to steady himself. But in her sorrow and horror, his wife did not perceive his increasing agitation.

"Dear, beautiful Jessie! so fair, so young, so gentle, to meet so terrible a fate. Oh, Charles, what a demon her assassin must have been—worse than a demon, for even they would not have committed such a deed. Poor little child! what an awful doom was hers."

He had recovered his outward calmness by this time, and steadying his trembling voice, he asked,

"Who could have done the deed?"

"No one knows. Mrs. Ben and Helena Macdonald have only just arrived; and all they can tell about it is, that owing to some unknown cause, she either left, or was borne from the house during the night; and part of her clothing was found this morning covered with blood. The body could not be found; and it is supposed 'twas carried away by the waves. Oh, it is horrible! What crime would not men be guilty of, since they could even murder that gentle girl. The proper authorities are about to be apprised of the fact, and the island is to be searched to see if any clue to the discovery of the murderer can be found."

"What is supposed to be the cause of the murder?"

"Oh, there is no cause assigned; everything is wrapped in the deepest mystery—but I have an idea of my own. You know poor Jessie was exceeding beautiful, and some one may have become enamored of her, and attempted to carry her off—thinking the night and storm favourable to his purpose. Most probably she resisted; and, failing in his purpose—in a fit of passion—he may have slain her, and fled to escape the consequences of the act."

"Most probably that is it," said Vaughan, wishing fervently that every one else would adopt his wife's opinion.

"But, oh! it is terrible—terrible!" exclaimed Fanny; "poor little Jessie! And her aunt is almost deranged. Oh! to think we should all have been safe here, thinking only of our own petty troubles, while she was lying, wounded and dying, exposed to the fury of the winds and waves. I do not know how it is; but there is a feeling of remorse in my heart, as if I were in some way accountable for this crime."

"You, Fanny? What nonsense!"

"Yes, I know; but still it is there."

"An over-excited brain, that is all. Who is down-stairs, now?"

Helena Macdonald and Mrs. M'Calmont. Mrs. Ben and Mr. M'Calmont have gone to the magistrate's."

"I think you said Helena Macdonald came with Mrs. Ben. Was she on the island last night?"

"Yes; she went there about dark."

"What! in all that storm?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"What could have taken her there?" asked Vaughan, who scarcely knew what his own object was in asking these questions, except it was to keep his mind from dwelling on what he had done.

"I do not know. Oh, yes! now I recollect; it was a note brought her by her brother, and strangely enough, from Jessie herself. She seemed very much agitated upon receiving it; and insisted on going immediately to the isle, in spite of the storm."

Vaughan gave a sudden start, a strange light leaped into his eyes; his white face flushed, and then became paler than before, as he said,

"Do you know what this note contained?"

"No; how should I?"

"Did Miss Macdonald meet Jessie the night of the murder?"

"No; I heard her telling Mrs. M'Calmont that the storm came on so violently that she was scarcely able to reach the castle, much less the cottage."

"Are you aware whether those two girls were on good terms?"

"Why, what a question! What do you mean, Charles!

"Nothing, nothing; answer my question."

"Why, I really do not know; but I fancy not."

"Ah! Why?"

"Well, of course, I may be mistaken; but I think Helena was jealous of poor Jessie at one time. Herbert Clinton certainly paid her a great deal more attention than he should have done, considering he was betrothed to Helena. But, then, he was always fickle."

"And Helena was jealous?"

"Yes, I am quite sure she was."

"And, consequently, this island-girl's enemy?"

"Well, I cannot say as to that. What on earth do you mean, Charles?"

"Who first discovered the murder?"

"Helena!"

"Ah! she did! And I presume she immediately went and told Mrs. Ben?"

"No; I heard her telling Mrs. M'Calmont that she found it out, somehow—I forget how—somewhere about midnight; but she did not inform Mrs. Ben till morning."

"Why was that?"

"I don't know. Really, Mr. Vaughan, if I was on a trial as a witness, you could not cross-examine me more strictly," said Mrs. Vaughan, beginning to lose patience.

"I wish to know all the particulars, Fanny. Did you hear anything else?"

"No—yes! I heard Mrs. Ben telling Mr. M'Calmont that about the time they suppose the deed was committed, Fritz Friebourg saw a woman flying through the island; but that no one credits."

"A woman, did you say?"

And the strange light in Vaughan's eyes grew almost insufferable.

"Yes; but I suppose he dreamt it, or wished to add to his own importance by a feigned story."

"I do not think so," said Vaughan, who had good reasons for the belief. "Perhaps this tangled web may yet be unravelled."

"Charles, in the name of all the saints, what do you mean?"

"Hush! I mean nothing—never mind now. Perhaps my suspicions are premature."

"Good heavens, Charles, you surely do not suspect—"

"Hush!" he said, in a hoarse whisper; "I suspect no one. Be silent concerning what has passed. Leave me now, I wish to lie down. When these people return from searching the island, come and let me know the result. I do not wish to be disturbed before."

Wondering what possible meaning could be couched beneath his mysterious words, Mrs. Vaughan left the room. And Charles Vaughan sat down, and with knitted brows and compressed lips fell into deep thought. Now and then his white face would blanch to a more ghastly hue still, and the muscles would twitch convulsively; and, again, an expression of demoniacal joy and triumph would light up his countenance, to be clouded a moment after by doubt and fear, while his customary midnight scowl grew darker and darker. At last, a look of desperate resolution usurped every other expression, and he hissed through his clenched teeth—

"I will do it! I will do it! Anything, even this, sooner than the fate that may be mine. It can easily be proved. A slighter chain of circumstantial evidence has been found, before now, strong enough to hang."

He paused suddenly, and cast a terrified glance around, as if fearful the very walls might hear his diabolical plot. Or perhaps the word suggested what might one day be his own destiny.

He arose and paced excitedly up and down the room, so deeply absorbed in thought that he heeded not the flight of time until the sudden opening of the door, and the entrance of his wife, startled him from his revery.

"Well," he said, seating himself, and trying to hide his anxiety under a show of composure.

"Oh, they have searched every corner of the island so carefully that if a pin had been lost it must have been found; but it is all in vain. They cannot obtain the slightest clue to the discovery of the murderer or his victim. All that has been found is a knife, deeply stained with blood, which places the fact that she has been murdered beyond the possibility of a doubt. The murderer, in his flight, probably dropped it unawares," said Fanny.

Vaughan started in alarm at the news; but a moment's reflection convinced him that, as the weapon bore neither name nor initials, and had never been seen with him, there was nothing to be feared from the discovery.

"And what do they mean to do now?" he asked.

"I do not know—give up the search, I suppose, since it seems so utterly useless to continue it. Poor, ill-fated little Jessie!"

"Has Mrs. Ben returned to the island?"

"Yes."

"And Miss Macdonald?"

"She is here, where she intends remaining."

"How does she bear this news?"

"Oh, she seems terribly excited, I must say, and I do not wonder at it. She insisted on going with them to the island, and aiding in the search, and has been walking up and down the room like one half crazy since their return."

"Very singular agitation to be produced by the death of a girl she did not like, isn't it?" said Vaughan, in a peculiar tone.

"Why, Charles, who could help being agitated at so dreadful a deed? Every one is horror-stricken."

"You are not thus agitated, Fanny."

"Well, I feel it none the less deeply on that account; but Miss Macdonald and I are different; and, besides, she has known her much longer than I have. But it is almost dark, Charles, and you have had no dinner. Are you sufficiently recovered to come down-stairs to tea?"

"I think not; I do not care for any. I will go to bed."

"Let me bring you up some tea and toast first," said Fanny. "You have eaten nothing all day."

She left the room, and soon re-appeared with the tea-tray. And Vaughan, to satisfy his wife, having partaken of a light supper, retired to bed, wearied after the excitement of the day.

He closed his eyes, but not in sleep. Hour after hour passed on, while he lay tossing restlessly, striving to banish from his mind the tragedy of the previous night. All in vain; sleep would not come at his call. Again he beheld the still, lifeless form of the murdered girl lying before him, with the rain and wind beating pitilessly on her cold, white face, while the life-blood ebbed slowly from the wound his hand had inflicted. He closed his eyes with a shudder, and pressed his hands over them; but he saw her before him still. How the scorpion sting of conscience lashed him now in the deep silence of the solemn night!

At length he fell into an uneasy slumber, but only to re-enact, in feverish dreams, the visions of his waking hours. Still before him was that body on the beach; but now, as he gazed, the deep-blue eyes seemed to open and fix themselves, with a look of unutterable reproach on his face. Slowly the rigid form seemed to rise and approach him. Nearer and nearer it came, with its glassy, stony eyes staring upon him steadily, until it stood by his bedside. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, cold drops of perspiration stood on his brow. He would have cried out, but his throat seemed parched. With one spectral hand it pointed to the gash in its side, and laid the other, icy-cold, on his brow. With a shriek of terror he sprang from the bed, and stood trembling in every limb on the floor.

He looked round in an agony of fear and horror, but he was alone, and with teeth chattering and head reeling, he sank into a seat, and covered his face with his hands, exclaiming—

"Oh, it was she—it was she! Am I never to be rid of this ghostly presence? Is she to rise from her ocean grave thus every night to drive me mad?"

The great old clock in the hall chimed twelve. He shuddered at the sound, and hearing footsteps ascending the stairs, knew that the family were retiring. Casting himself once more on the bed, he strove to compose himself, and while away in fitful slumber the tedious hours till morning should dawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HYDROPHOBIA.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN C. DALTON, M. D.

The study of hydrophobia is invested with unusual interest from several circumstances. First, from its communicability; second, from its extraordinary, probably universal fatality, there being no authentic case of recovery; and lastly, from the terrible character of its symptoms.

It is an extremely rare disease. Many practitioners have never seen a case; and yet it does recur with tolerable regularity. During the six years from 1863 to 1867, inclusive, one hundred and seven cases occurred in France. Taking the average population of that country as thirty-six millions, this would give one case every two years for each million of inhabitants. But the disease prevails to a greater extent in cities, for obvious reasons. The denser population of the city brings the rabid animal in almost certain contact with many persons, while in the country he may die before meeting any one to bite. Again, the statistics of cities are more accurate. In the department of the Seine, including Paris, the population averaging one million, there was, for the twenty years from 1842 to 1862, an average of two and one-third cases each year. In New York, for the six years from 1866 to 1871, there were twenty-two cases, an average of two and two-thirds each year. Taking all these statistics together, we judge that we have, generally speaking, three cases of hydrophobia a year to every million of people.

Another point of great interest is the frequency with which hydrophobia follows the bite of the animal. In the neighborhood of Paris is the Veterinary School of Alfort, where this subject has been fully investigated. It was found that of dogs bitten by rabid dogs, but one in three becomes rabid. In the human race the proportion is much less. John Hunter estimated it at only one in twenty-one. This has been considered far too low; but it has received singular confirmation in the investigation made at the Veterinary School of Alfort. In the department of the Seine, a hundred cases of hydrophobia in dogs occur annually. It was found that of twenty-five of these, ten only bit persons, and these ten bit fifteen persons. At this same rate the hundred dogs would have bitten sixty persons. But we have already seen that only between two and three cases of hydrophobia in man occur annually, hence we arrive at almost the same result as Hunter.

The less susceptibility of man to hydrophobia is owing to a variety of causes. Man is undoubtedly less susceptible to the poison. Besides, there are a great many physical causes operating. It is not the bite, but the saliva that poisons. If a man be bitten, it is through the clothing, or the boot, and the saliva is wiped off, or should the saliva touch the wound, it is often removed by the action of the person by squeezing, or washing, or rubbing the wound, or if there be much bleeding, the blood may wash away the poison before it has had time to be absorbed. But if absorption has taken place, it is absolutely certain to produce death.

Now in regard to the signs which follow a bite. There are no immediate signs. The mad dog does not display any ferocity. It may be a chance bite, a snapping of the jaws without the intention of biting, that brings the poison in contact with the raw surface. Indeed, the dog may not bite at all, but the saliva touch a wound, or abrasion, or sore already existing. The bite is generally not large, and heals well. Then comes the period of incubation, such as occurs in small-pox, measles and scarlatina. The person is inoculated, but the poison is not yet diffused over the system. This period of incubation varies. It is rarely less than a month; it is often delayed two or three, and may extend to the end of the sixth month; and there have been cases in which the disease has not exhibited itself until a year has elapsed. There are stories of longer periods, even to eight years; but these are incredible, particularly as during that time there are so many chances that another bite may have been received. There are then no symptoms for a month. Each succeeding week of exemption after the month has elapsed diminishes the liability. At three months the patient is probably safe; at six months almost certainly so; but what weeks of extreme anxiety must he experience before the danger is passed!

If hydrophobia is about to occur, there is generally slight irritation about the wound; an itching, possible swelling, with red lines extending therefrom; but this is not always the case. Next follows stiffness of the neck; then febrile action, with loss of appetite, succeeded by difficulty in moving the jaw and difficult deglutition: then occurs a most remarkable symptom—a vague and unaccountable anxiety, not of any special thing, and quite unexplainable. After from six to twelve hours, this amounts to delirium. Finally hallucinations occur, and the friends are obliged to restrain the patient by force. This necessity for restraint has given rise to the popular idea that hydrophobia induces a tendency to attack persons. It is, however, entirely erroneous. Another symptom has given rise to the popular impression that there is a great dread of water; hence, indeed the name of disease. But this is equally erroneous. There is great difficulty in swallowing, whether water or other things. An attempt to do so brings on convulsive constriction of the glottis, accompanied by great pain and distress, which any one who has inhaled chlorine in the laboratory has experienced. In this respect hydrophobia is very similar to tetanus. In that disease, a breath of air, the moving of the bed-clothing, or some such slight circumstances will cause sudden reflex convulsions of opisthotonos. So with swallowing in hydrophobia. After repeated trials, so painful, he gives up in despair; he throws the water from him and will not again attempt to swallow. When this condition is reached the patient has not long to live. He dies of extreme nervous depression and exhaustion, generally in forty-eight hours, though he may live three days.

What treatment can be instituted in these cases? Of course you will think of opium, of chloroform, and other narcotics. They are useless. There is only one thing to be done, and that at the very first: Cauterize. Some have recommended to cut out the wound first and then cauterize. I do not see the use of this. We cannot tell the depth of the wound. We cannot be sure of preventing the knife from cutting into the bitten portion, in which event every movement of it would carry the poison farther. Use the caustic freely. Lunar caustic is the best, being more readily obtainable than any

other; and its stick form renders it easy of application. Apply it thoroughly until every portion of the wound has lost its sensibility. Generally speaking, if this is done early enough, it is efficacious.

But there is something of a great deal more importance than this. Barbarous as it may appear, it is not so important to save life as it is to prevent a dog with hydrophobia from being at large, with the probability of his biting.

Although the proportion of those who have hydrophobia to those bitten is so small, I do not know that the majority of those bitten would not prefer speedy death to the terrible anxiety of uncertainty. But how shall biting be prevented? Only know that the dog is mad. Fatal bites result because the disease is not recognized. To distinguish hydrophobia in the dog is vastly more important than to distinguish it in man, and there are signs by which it may be distinguished before the tendency to bite is exhibited.

Now, of the signs of hydrophobia in the dog. I presume that ninety-nine out of every hundred, perhaps nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand, think that dogs get mad only in hot weather—never in cold—and that they have a horror of water. This is not true. The disease is no more prevalent in hot than cold weather. Dogs have no horror of water, but being feverish, drink frequently. The symptoms in the dog have been fully studied at Alfort. He first gives evidence of being sick, loses his appetite, refuses food, skulks out of sight, avoids his companions and playfellows, and hides in dark corners. Now, as hydrophobia is so dangerous a disease, a dog showing signs of sickness should be watched. Whatever the nature of the sickness may be, however, a dog will always act in this way. These symptoms are not pathognomonic. But there is another symptom which, if it occurs in connection with these, is very suggestive. It is a peculiar agitation. The dog with hydrophobia does not lie in one corner ten minutes together. He is not satisfied to remain in one locality. Should his master call him he goes to him, but quickly returns to a corner. If he has a kennel he runs into it. He piles the straw up in the middle of the kennel and lies upon it. In a few moments more he jumps up and pushes all the straw out on the ground. These are extremely suspicious circumstances, and call for careful confinement of the dog.

Next, the dog has hallucinations. All at once in changing his position he stops, pricks up his ears, and seems to hear something. This is but momentary. Again, he appears to hear some other dog on the opposite side of a wall or a door, and scratches to get to him. He snaps at imaginary flies. Now is surely the time to place him in confinement. Up to this period he has shown no disposition to bite. It must be borne in mind that when sick, the natural disposition of the dog remains. If he be naturally excitable and aggressive, he will be more apt to bite. He will be more apt to bite a stranger or a beggar than one of the family, or his master. Indeed, he will not bite his master, unless driven too far. He will even come, though reluctantly, at his master's call, and will perhaps receive a whipping or two before his unusual excitability overcomes his habitual control and induces him to bite. All this time the hydrophobia dog will drink. He will take more water than usual; his apparent repugnance to it never being so strong as in the human subject.

The next symptom is a depraved and unnatural appetite, exhibited by biting furniture, gnawing curtains or the carpet, swallowing bits of wood, coal, brick, even his own dung. This adds much to the belief that he has hydrophobia. All know that some pet dogs have a habit of gnawing books, but hydrophobia dogs, having no such habits, do the same, and besides swallow what they gnaw off.

We have, then, agitation and extreme restlessness, hallucinations, and depraved appetite, as symptoms of the approach of the dangerous stage of hydrophobia. The following incident will illustrate the importance of distinguishing the disease at this early stage, and the value of these symptoms: Two ladies, with the little daughter of one of them, lived together. They had a little pet dog, which became ill, and hiring a carriage they drove out to Alfort to consult the veterinary surgeon. It was after visiting hours, and not being able to see him, they returned the next day. The surgeon was not able to decide at once, from their account, that the dog had hydrophobia. He learned that the dog had developed a disposition to tear the curtains, and had not slept during the whole night, but was heard pattering over the floor. Unfortunately, in the interval between the two visits, he had bitten the little girl.

When a member of a family is supposed to have been bitten by a rabid dog, it is the habit to kill the dog at once. This is all wrong. The only means of deciding whether the supposition is correct is thus destroyed. It is well known that the house-dog is prone to epilepsy. If, in the paroxysm, he may have accidentally bitten or appeared to snap at some one, let him be confined and watched for a few days.

The fourth symptom is a peculiar bark. I have never heard it. It does not always occur, but when it does exist, is considered a very valuable symptom. It is very difficult to describe, but is spoken of as a loud, quick bark, followed by a series of diminishing howls.

The fifth symptom is insalivation, in regard to which a misconception has arisen. There is no great abundance of saliva, but it is peculiar in quality. It is very viscid, and hangs down in strings from the mouth, giving to the human and the dog an appearance of peculiar and unaccountable distress. The dog appears to be annoyed beyond expression, and makes every effort to remove the viscid strings of saliva with his paws. These efforts have occasionally given rise to the idea that a bone or piece of wood is lodged in the teeth or throat, and in one instance a veterinary surgeon, in making an examination, was bitten.

Now the aggressive disposition begins to show itself. The insane desire to bite is first excited by animals of its own species. Next, the dog attacks man, but even now discriminates in favor of its master and friends. A stranger or some one coming to the door is attacked. Now that the disease is fully established, the dog disappears from home, probably with the idea of seeking a deserted place and withdrawing from observation. But new and greater sources of irritation meet him at every step. The noise of the carts and horses and of people increases his excitability. If he should escape death and succeed in reaching the fields, he reels along from side to side, snapping at anything and nothing, until finally paralysis occurs, and he lies on the side of the road, to die in a few hours, if not sooner killed by his pursuers. Sometimes, finding no rest or escape, he goes back to his master's house. But he has undergone an extraordinary change in appearance. He is draggled, and dusty, and exhausted. Ignorant of his true condition, some of the household pity him, and no sooner touch him than they receive the fatal bite.—*Herald of Health.*

☞ A Boston paper publishes the following without suspicion of the fact that it is a dreadful sell: "A Peoria man, named John Frost, is suspected of the murder of a father, mother, and nine children, named M'Skeatre, who were lately found dead there one morning, recently."

☞ A perfect egg, shell included, was recently found inside another egg, at Pottsville, Pa.

MISS ELVERTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Miss Elverton came up the path, swinging her jaunty hat by the strings. Colonel Winters standing moodily on the porch, looking out seaward, with sombre, dark eyes, saw her as she came, and stepped aside to let her pass in.

But Carrie Elverton did not pass in; she paused on the porch, fanning herself with her wide-brimmed hat, in a swift, childish way, and then sat down, facing Colonel Winters, on the steps, looking up at him with her strange eyes. Strange, because of their peculiar, restless motion. They were dark-grey in color, fringed with black lashes, and arched by heavy black brows. Pretty enough eyes when quiet, but Miss Elverton, possessed with the idea that the effect was "telling," or for some other reason, kept them constantly in motion, when listening or speaking. Turning them from side to side, with a shifting, restless motion, that gave one an unpleasant sensation when in her presence.

Colonel Winters looked down upon her while she chatted away about the pleasant boat-ride and picnic she had been enjoying, and studied her face idly, for lack of something better to do, and because he was weary of the thoughts he had been thinking all day long, and was glad of anything that would divert his mind for ever so short a time.

"A dainty, petite figure," he said, mentally; "a pale, rather pretty child's face, sweet mouth, a *little* too much drawn at the corners, but still sweet, and eyes—well, eyes that in a *man* would denote an uneasy conscience, but in her mean perhaps a nervous, excitable temperament. Ah, well, she is a nice, frank, pure little girl, and one that could not write such a cold, heartless letter as I received to-day. Ah, Kathie, Kathie, my fair-faced siren, 'twas a cruel thing to do."

He shut his teeth together over his handsome lip, to stifle a groan that *would* rise in his throat. Miss Elverton saw the motion, and the look which accompanied it.

"There, now," she said, rising, "you are cross. I know you are, when you look that way; and you wish I would go off about my business and let you alone, which I will proceed to do immediately."

"I am not thinking anything of the sort," he said, half laughing at her comic dignity; "but, on the contrary, wishing you would stay, and charm away the blue-devils that are haunting me."

"That is complimentary, I must confess," she said with a grimace, "when I have been doing my best for half an hour to entertain you, and now you turn around and wish I would charm away the blue-devils. If they haven't begun to go, I don't believe my presence will affect them at all."

"But they *have* begun to go. I felt them making preparations to depart, so I asked you to stay and see them well off. Won't you?"

"Yes, only I don't know what to do or say to lighten your spirits and cheer you. I am not at all brilliant."

"But it does not require brilliancy always to please. You have only to be your own natural, innocent self to please me, for I know then that I am with a frank, truthful child of nature, which is quite refreshing to to one who has seen so much of pretence and affectation, of heartless women of the world, who if they seem frank ever, seem so only to deceive."

He spoke bitterly; spoke like one who had been deceived and wronged, and Miss Elverton, "the innocent child of nature," looked up in his handsome face with her restless, roving eyes, and said sweetly:

"I am natural, because I do not know how to be anything else. I really should not know how to go to work and deceive any one. I really believe, if I attempted it, I should blunder into the truth before I was half through with my attempt."

"I think you would," he said, "because your nature is too open and truthful to admit of deception. Do you know, one time to-day, I told myself that all women were heartless and hypocritical, that there were no truthful, good women in the world? I had been saying that to myself when you came up the path, and as I looked at you I felt heartily ashamed of my wholesale conclusion."

Carrie Elverton smiled sweetly and sadly. "Because one has proven herself deceitful and heartless, it does not follow that we are all so," she said. "I am glad, Colonel Winters, that you do not accuse me of such wickedness. I should regret to lose your good opinion."

How sweet and childish she looked sitting there, her pale, fair face resting upon one slender hand. A sudden thought darted into Colonel Winters's mind, and sent a glow to his face. Why not ask this girl to be his wife, and thus prove to Katharine Sylvester how utterly she had failed to wound him by her cruelty, how little he cared for his loss of her affection!

He leaned down and took one of Carrie's slender hands. "Miss Elverton, Carrie," he said, tenderly, "will you accept the hand of a man that has been wronged and deceived by a fickle woman? Will you take what heart he has left, content with his *respect* for the present, and trusting to the years to bring you his love? Will you be my *wife*, Carrie?"

She lifted her restless, roving eyes to his face, and the pupils dilated till they seemed black instead of gray.

"Yes," she said, placing her other hand also in his. "I will be satisfied with it all, and wait contentedly for more. I will endure everything, suffer everything, bear everything for your sake, for I *love you*."

So they were betrothed. He could scarcely believe it, when he came to be alone. But yesterday betrothed to Katharine Sylvester, believing in her implicitly, loving her and her only, every thought and dream of the future bound in her; and now, scorning her memory, as something unworthy his lightest thought, and his troth pledged to another woman. He felt like one in a strange dream. He took a letter from his pocket, and with scornful lip, read it over carefully. "Colonel Winters," it ran—

"I have after much thought, decided to tell you what may be at the first, unpleasant, but in the end, better for us both. I have for some time felt that I did not really love you; that my regard was not such as a wife should feel for her husband, and our wedding-day is so near, that I know I cannot grow into the proper state of sentiment toward you by the time it arrives. Therefore, let us be only friends. I have burned your letters, your ring I will keep. I do not believe in this senseless return of all little trinkets after an engagement is broken. Please destroy my letters, and do not trouble yourself to reply to this. By your silence I shall know that you accede to my wishes. I am going abroad soon, and shall not see you again perhaps. So good-bye.

"KATHARINE SYLVESTER."

"And that is the letter of one whom I thought to be God's best work, a noble woman," he said bitterly. "Heaven, is there nothing true under the sun?"

Just then a waft of song came up from the room below. Colonel Winters listened, and a softer expression came over his face. "Ah, yes," he said gently, "little Carrie. There is something true under the sun."

And "little Carrie," down in her room alone, sang out of fulness of joy, and her eyes glistened and roved, and shot back and forth, from side to side, with painful rapidity, though there was no one present to see the "effect."

The days drifted by. Colonel Winters had insisted upon Carrie's naming an early day for their union, and she was nothing loth, so the bridal was near at hand. Carrie sang the hours away, she was so very, very happy. And Colonel Winters—well he endured the days, and tried not to curse existence. Carrie was all that kept him from utterly despising womankind.

"To think," he said, as he read the cruel letter over for the last time, and tore it into bits, "to think of her retaining my ring after writing me such a letter. 'A trifle' indeed; a solitaire set in finest gold, worth some two thousand. That may account for her thinking it 'senseless' to return it. Oh, heavens! to find her not only fickle, but mercenary."

It was early twilight. Colonel Winters, sitting at his chamber-window, idly watched a man's figure coming up the path. It was one of his sister's servants, and he had something white in his hand. As he approached the house a small figure glided out of a bower near by and stood before him. It was Carrie. In the still evening air her words, though she spoke softly, were distinctly audible.

"What have you there, John?"

"A letter for the colonel, miss."

"Give it to me," she said, reaching out her hand. "Colonel Winters is out, and he requested me to take charge of his letters if any came while he was gone. I will keep it for him."

The servant placed the letter in her hands and turned away, and she, with a hurried glance around her, glided back into the bower.

Colonel Winters could scarcely credit his own eyes and ears. He certainly *did* go out as Carrie had said, and she had not seen him since his return; but he had made no mention of letters to her, nor requested her to take charge of any. What could she mean by such conduct? What would she do with his letter? He would go down and see. He approached the bower cautiously and glanced in. There sat Carrie with an open letter in her hand, deeply buried in its contents, and something in one hand sparkled and glistened. He made a slight noise, and she looked up. Her face blanched to deathly white. She sprang to her feet, and fairly gasped for breath.

"Why how you frightened me?" she said, sinking back into her seat again. "I did not know you had returned, and I was so deeply buried in a letter I have just received from an old school friend, that I did not hear you approach."

She crumpled the letter in her hand, and thrust it into her pocket.

"Well," she continued, looking up with those strange eyes, "tell me where you have been, and what you have seen. I want you to give a minute account of all your actions, sir;" tapping him playfully upon the cheek.

Colonel Winters felt like one in a strange dream. What did all this mean?

"Finish your letter," he said, "and then I will tell you."

"Oh, I had finished it before you came. It was not long."

He looked at her searchingly. Did those roving eyes, after all, mean deception and treachery?

"Then," he said, "permit me to read *my* letter, the one you took from the servant just now."

She sat quite still at his side, but he saw a look of terror overspread her face in the gathering gloom. She spoke, and her voice trembled.

"What letter? I do not know what you mean?"

He took her wrists firmly, almost harshly in his hands.

"Carrie," he said, sternly, "I heard you ask the servant what he had. I heard him answer, 'A letter for Colonel Winters.' I heard you ask him for it, and saw him hand it to you. Now give it to me."

She tried to wrench herself free from him, and in so doing, something fell to the floor of the bower with a sharp, metallic sound. He stooped and picked it up. *It was the diamond solitaire he had given to Katharine Sylvester.*

"Now the letter," he repeated, sternly.

She gave it to him mechanically. And in the gloom he read:

"Colonel Winters: Although you urge me to retain the ring you gave me, I cannot consent to do so. I have burned your letters, as you requested; and, of course, your request to be freed from the engagement is granted.

"KATHARINE SYLVESTER."

He was whiter than death when he finished the letter.

"Carrie—Miss Elverton," he said—and she trembled at the sound of his voice—"what does this mean? Are you at the bottom of all this mystery, and seeming cruelty? Is it *you* I have to thank for Katharine Sylvester's strange conduct?"

She stood with bowed head, and did not answer.

"Tell me," he continued, sternly; "did you forge that cruel letter I received, purporting to be from her? Did you forge a like letter, from me to her?"

"Have mercy!" was her only answer; and he knew it to be so. It was indeed so. She had taken his letters from the office, and in the darkness of night, and hour after hour, toiled and practiced till she could imitate both his chirography and that of Katharine Sylvester. Retaining the envelope to Katharine's last letter, she had placed the forged epistle in it, and sealing it, replaced it in his box, at the office, which her own key fitted, at the same time mailing a cruel forgery to her, signed with Colonel Winters's name. She worked skilfully, and her plans seemed to prosper, and brought forth golden results sooner than she had expected.

Fearing a reply from Katharine, she had watched the office, and just at the eleventh hour waylaid the servant with the expected epistle. All seemed to work well; Colonel Winters in a few days would be *her husband*—but now—now! Well, there he stood, the letter and ring in his hand, his terrible eyes burning her very soul with their expression of indignation and reproach. So they stood for one awful moment. Then he spoke.

"Have mercy!" he repeated. "It is a strange request for *you* to make. Carrie Elverton, I shall take the midnight train to Boston, and ere many hours I shall replace this ring upon the finger of Katharine Sylvester. I shall return in three days, and if I find you gone from under my sister's roof when I return, well and good. I shall not expose you to her, or to the other guests, before I go. Invent whatever story you please, to explain your sudden departure. You are an adept at invention and deception, and it will be an easy task for you. But if you are here when I return, I shall tell all. Now go."

He did not see her again, for he went to Boston on the midnight train, and she left early the next morning, explaining to her hostess that she had received news of her father's illness.

Years after, Colonel Winters and his lovely wife, Katharine, took dinner at a hotel abroad, and opposite them, at table, sat Carrie Elverton, now Mrs. Granger, and her husband and child.

Colonel Winters shuddered at the thought of *such* a woman leading the feet of a little child along the thorny ways of life. Her eyes had lost none of their strange restlessness, and Colonel Winters inwardly thanked God for his narrow escape, as he glanced at, without seeming to recognize, the almost destroyer of his peace.

And Mrs. Granger said to her husband, when they went to their room,

"That man who sat across the table from us to-day used to be an adorer of mine. Nearly went crazy when I refused him."

But the "old adorer" did not even tell his wife that he had seen their former enemy, but let the woman go, without a word or a look to say he had recognized her.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE SINGULAR ACQUITTAL OF LAURA FAIR, after having once been found guilty of murder, elicits the following appropriate comments by the New York Evening Post:

Mrs. Fair's second trial for the murder of Judge A. P. Crittenden, who was shot dead by her nearly two years ago, ended in a verdict of acquittal, on the ground of insanity. This result ought to be surprising, but unfortunately it is not. Mrs. Fair, as is well-known, has for many years been a woman of unsavory reputation. She was three times divorced before she was put on trial for attempting to shoot her casual partner in a boarding-house business which she carried on at Virginia City in 1864. The lawyer employed by her on this occasion was Judge Crittenden of San Francisco, and out of this business acquaintance grew those criminal relations which finally ended in the murder of the judge. He was shot on a steamboat plying near San Francisco, in full sight of his family, and of a large number of passengers. The fact of the manslaughter was never denied. Mrs. Fair waited for him; she watched for a fit opportunity, and she shot him dead, in the face and eyes of the world.

At the first trial, in April, 1871, Mrs. Fair was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The defence at that time, as in the present instance, was insanity. Since then she has been in jail. Upon one pretext and another her execution was put off, and finally a new trial was granted, the one just ended. Great difficulty occurred in finding persons who professed to know nothing of the case, and who were, therefore, legally competent to sit on the jury. After several days' work, however, twelve men were found who declared, on their oaths, that they had no knowledge which enabled them to form an opinion on the question of guilt, and it is by the verdict of these men that this woman has been declared to be innocent of the crime which she never denied having committed.

There is not much that is new to be said about this result. Twelve men, for example, who could conscientiously say that they were unacquainted with the circumstances of this notorious case were too ignorant to be entrusted with the determination of a judicial question; while, if they did not make this declaration on their consciences, they were too corrupt to be made the ministers of justice. In either case, however, it is a very old story. Besides, the plea of insanity is not a new one. We have had illustrations of its efficacy whenever a man happened to kill a man of whom he was jealous, or a woman chanced to kill a man whose love or professions of love were growing cold toward her. In fact it seems to have come to this—that M. Dumas's famous saying of "Kill her," which is now making such a stir in France, has become a safe guide for all persons in this country who choose to consider themselves in any way aggrieved in their sexual relations.

In the case of Mrs. Fair everybody knows that justice has not been done. If Judge Crittenden had become tired of her, he had before this been unfaithful to his wife, and if any woman had the least right to murder him it was his wife and not his mistress. As to the plea of insanity, Mrs. Fair's sympathetic heart had already been lacerated too often by rude separations of the bonds of her affections to give it any semblances of justice. As to the opinion of the jury, it was that of men too ignorant to decide a simple matter of fact correctly, not to speak of determining the value of medical testimony. However, she is acquitted in legal form, and society will remain at rest until some imitator of her makes a similar farce necessary.

DEATH OF MR. SEWARD.—Ex-Secretary Seward died October 10, at Auburn, New York, in the 72d year of his age. His death was the result of a severe cold contracted some days before. Mr. Seward was a native of the State of New York, born May 16th, 1801, in Florida, Orange county. He was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1820, admitted to the bar in 1822, and he settled in Auburn in 1823. In 1830 he was elected to the New York Senate for four years. In 1834 he was the Whig candidate for Governor, but was defeated; but two years subsequently he was elected Governor, and was re-elected in 1840. In 1843 Mr. Seward resumed the practice of the law, and in 1849 he was elected to the U. S. Senate, and in 1855 he was re-elected. He was Senator for two full terms. In 1860 he was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Subsequently in the same year he made an extended journey through Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land. In 1861 he became Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Lincoln, and held that position through the civil war, and to the close of the administration of President Johnson. On the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, while confined to his bed by injuries received by being thrown from his carriage, Mr. Seward was subjected to the repeated attacks of an assassin named Payne, who was armed with a dirk knife, inflicting severe and almost fatal wounds upon his helpless victim. After much suffering, Mr. Seward recovered and resumed his duties.

After retiring from the office of Secretary of State, on March 4th, 1869, Mr. Seward withdrew from public life. In the Autumn of 1869 he visited the Pacific coast, and continued his journey by a tour through Mexico and Cuba, arriving, in March, 1870, at New York city, where he was tendered a public reception by the municipal authorities. In August, 1870, Mr. Seward started on an extensive tour around the world, and visited successively San Francisco, Japan, China, British India, Egypt, Turkey, and the States of Europe. After a protracted absence of over a year, Mr. Seward returned to his home at Auburn, at which place he was residing at the time of his death, October 10th, 1872.

THE ELECTIONS.—The Republicans majority in Pennsylvania is thought to be about 30,000. Of the 27 Congressmen elected, 21 are reported to be Republican and 6 Democratic.

Returns from Ohio indicate a Republican majority of about 15,000 on the State ticket. The Republicans appear to have carried 12 of the Congressional districts, and the Democrats 7, leaving two doubtful.

The latest returns from Indiana indicate the election of Hendricks, the Democratic candidate for Governor, by from 300 to 500 majority. The Republicans have 4 majority in the Senate and 8 in the House.

One hundred and eleven counties in Georgia give a Democratic majority of 50,522.

Dakotah Territory elected a Congressional delegate on Wednesday, October 9. The returns indicate that Armstrong, Democrat, has been elected by a small plurality over the two Republican candidates.

BASE BALL.

BOSTON VS. ATHLETIC.

At Boston, Oct. 5, the Boston defeated the Athletic by the following score:

Boston	1	0	0	2	0	1	3	3	0	—10
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

ATHLETIC VS. BOSTON.

At Philadelphia, October 7, the Athletic defeated the Boston by the following score:

Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	1	—5

ATLANTIC VS. BOSTON.

At New York, October 9, the Atlantic defeated the Boston by a score of 6 to 3.

BOSTON VS. MUTUAL.

The first game of the base ball tournament, at New York, came off Oct. 8., between the Boston and Mutual, resulting in a draw, each side scoring seven:

Mutual	0	0	1	0	1	4	1	0	0	0—7
Boston	0	0	0	3	0	1	1	2	0	0—7

ATHLETIC VS. MUTUAL.

The second game of the tournament series, and the first between the Mutuals and Athletics, in Brooklyn, on the 9th of October, resulted in the following score:

Athletics	0	0	1	0	2	2	0	0	1	0—9
Mutuals	0	1	0	2	1	2	0	0	0	1—7

ATHLETIC VS. BOSTON.

The third game of the tournament series was between the Athletic and the Boston, and was played Oct. 10. It resulted in a victory for the Athletic. The following is the score by innings:

Boston	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Athletic	3	3	1	2	0	0	2	0	0	—11

☞ The Missouri Republican ought to be ashamed of itself; see how it is rebuked by a virtuous subscriber:

"*Editor Republican:* In to-day's paper we see a marriage notice headed 'Huggins—Pleasant.' I consider it indecorous. You need not, however, stop my paper unless the offense is repeated. K."

☞ "If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I hold in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

☞ Recipe from an exchange: "Just before going to bed, eat two pig's feet and a cold apple-pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a hawser, devouring light blue-haired children which have just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red-hot overcoat."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

WANTED.—AGENTS.—The very best chance ever offered. Profits $4.00 to $20.00 a day. TRY IT. Particulars FREE. Address WOODWARD, LEWIS & CO., 96 Washington St., Boston, Mass. oct12-4t

THE NOVELTY HAND STAMP.

With complete cases of TYPE for marking Linen, CARDS, ENVELOPES, etc. A perfect little GEM. Price $1.00; post-paid, $1.05; SAMPLES Free. Agents wanted for this. Also, for WEBSTER'S BUTTON-HOLE WORKER, and other NEW and USEFUL articles.

Address GEO. DAVIS,
oct12-13t 356 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

FREE TO YOU! FREE TO ALL!

Book of New Receipts.

An illustrated book of the odd, quaint, curious, and interesting. 64 pages; 50 illustrations. Mailed for two stamps. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. ☞ *Don't fail to send for it.* oct12-13t.

Pocket Revolvers. STILES'S BREECHLOADER.

A neat, durable weapon, 3-inch barrel, price $1.75, post-paid. F. W. STILES, Springfield, Vt. oct12-4t

Fruit and Ornamental Trees FOR FALL PLANTING.

We offer an excellent assortment of thrifty, well-grown Trees, to which we invite the attention of parties contemplating planting.

Priced list mailed to applicants.

EDW. J. EVANS & CO.,
oct12-6t Nurserymen and Seedsmen, York, Pa.

VICE VERSA!—A great chance. Big money can be made, and with no work. A great chance for young men in country towns. Particulars free. Send for them—this is "Business." Address CHARLES M. WELLS, Chicago, Ills. oct12-2t

MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE by providing Good Games.

Le Cercle, for Field and Parlor.

Brooke's Tue Alleys, black walnut, seven feet long, the popular game of Ten Pins transferred to the Parlor.

Carpet, Table, and Field Croquet.

Detectives' Folding Board, $1.00.

Haze Ball Folding Board, $1.50.

Target Pistol, $1.00.

Ring Quoits for Parlor and Field, &c.

Send stamp for Circular.

D. B. BROOKS & CO.,
Manufacturers of Games,
oct12-tf Boston, Mass.

DR. NELSON'S MORNING DEW, for the complexion, price 50c. Magic Photographs, 50c. pkge. Magic (or Imp) Bottles, 50c. T. FLETCHER, 184 3d St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. oct12-13t

FITS—EPILEPTIC FITS.

Certain Remedy for Epileptic Fits, Spasms, or Convulsions. Having the utmost confidence in this preparation, we guarantee to any who are afflicted with Epilepsy Immediate Relief—and by sending their address, describing case, we will send a small bottle *gratis*, in order to have them give it a trial. Address CHUMAR & SON,
oct12-4t 294 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

IMPORTANT FRENCH MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Interesting to all. Health in a Bottle.

Consumption, Chlorosis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, and Pulmonary Tubercules, RADICALLY CURED with the Elixir of J. F. Bernard of Paris. This wonderful remedy is accepted by the most distinguished and celebrated French Physicians, and in constant use in the French Hospitals. Valuable instructions and information on the above sent (free) to all who desire it, by addressing A. BERNARD & CO., Sole Agents, 62 William Street, New York. Post-office Box 4683. For sale by all respectable druggists. oct5-4t

30 NEW SONGS, ARTS, and 20 new RECEIPTS mailed free. THEO. P. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. sep28-13t

Men and Women Wanted everywhere to take the money for our Patent Button-hole Cutter, with silver case, 25 cents.—cuts 24 sizes—sells at sight. Pat. Fountain Pen and Yosemite XX Gold Pens. Samples of all, with circulars, post-paid, for 25 cents. Also The Ladies Casket, and other articles. Address CITY NOVELTY COMPANY, No. 404 Library street, Philadelphia, Pa. sep21-13t

AN "ELEGANT CHROMO" and "ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WONDERS," only 15 cents post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., No. 369 Canal Street, New York City. sep14-1y

CATALOGUES OF NEW MUSIC sent to any address, gratis. Address J. E. WINNER, Music Publisher, 543 and 545 N. Eighth St., aug31-13t Philadelphia.

F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington Nursery, Ill.; 600 acres; 21st year; 12 Green-Houses; Trees, Bulbs, Hedge Plants, Nursery Stock; 4 Catalogues. 20 cts. sep10-12t

TILTON'S EBONITE CROQUET BALLS,

As perfect as billiard balls and warranted to keep their shape without breaking or chipping for three years. Croquet players who have used them use no others.

Prices of the sets, $8, $10, $12, $14, $22, $30. Balls separate, $5 per set of 8.

For sale by LEON HIRSH,
jy26-26t 812 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys. mar9-52t

POMONA NURSERY.

The largest, best, and cheapest Imperial and Colossal Asparagus, roots and seed. Herstine and Brandywine Raspberries, Blackberries, Rhubarb and Strawberries; Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Extra fine Concord Grape Vines. Send for Catalogue. WM. PARRY, CINNAMINSON, N. J. may16-26t

10 Per Cent. Interest.

Send for our Pamphlet, "ILLINOIS AS A PLACE OF INVESTMENT." Mailed free. Address

WILSON & TOMS,

Dealers in Real Estate Securities, and School Bonds,
aug10-13t Bloomington, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED. We guarantee employment for all, either sex, at $5 a day, or $2,000 or more a year! New works by MRS. H. B. STOWE, and others. *Superb Premiums Given Away.* Money made rapidly and easily at work for us. Write and see. Particulars free. WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & CO., Hartford, Ct. oct5-26t

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.

AN ELEGANT BOUND CANVASSING BOOK for the best and cheapest Family Bible ever published, will be sent free of charge to any Book Agent. It contains nearly 500 fine Scripture Illustrations, and Agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, stating experience, etc., and we will show you what our agents are doing. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. sep7-4t

AGENTS WANTED. $250 CLEAR PROFIT A MONTH. We have the largest, best made, and best looking low priced machine made. It sells at sight. Makes the lock-stitch same as the high priced machine, and will not ravel. We give Agents a larger profit than any other company. Address for Circulars and terms, BAKER SEWING MACHINE CO., aug10-13t Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED for Chamberlin's

STRUGGLE OF '72;

A Novelty in Political and Popular Literature.

Contains a History of the Republican, Democratic, and Liberal Parties. Inside view of the Cincinnati Convention and minor tickets or side shows. Review of Grant's administration, and Queer Record of Horace Greeley. Illustrated. Octavo, near 500 pages. A book wanted by every citizen. Send $1.00 for outfit and secure territory. UNION PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Springfield, Mass.; Savannah, Ga. 15t27-13t

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.

We wish to employ GENTLEMEN AND LADIES to solicit orders for the CELEBRATED IMPROVED BUCKEYE SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES. It will *stitch, hem, fell, tuck, cord, bind, braid, gather* and *ruffle*, and sew from THE FINEST NAINSOOK TO HEAVER OVERCOATINGS AND LEATHER. For further particulars, address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., 15t13-26t CLEVELAND, OHIO, OR ST. LOUIS, MO.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine. no18-52t

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. 15t-52t

UNIVERSAL HAIR ERADICATOR removes superfluous hair from the face or hands without injury to the skin. Price 50c. T. FLETCHER, 184 3d St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. oct12-13t

"OIL OF GLADNESS."

THE PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
Unequalled for Coughs, Colds and Sore-throat.
Cures Cramp-colic in three minutes.
Instantly relieves Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Pain in the Limbs and Back, &c., &c., and effects a permanent *cure without fail.*
"Greatest pain destroyer ever discovered."
—*Buffalo Advertiser.*
"It acts like magic."—*Advance.*
"Made of pure drugs, is safe, and never fails."
—*Union County Telegraph.*
"Two bottles cured my rheumatism of 4 years' standing.—*Miss L., Blackburn, Belmont Co., O.*
"Does all the proprietors claim for it."
—*G. W. Snively, Agent, Pools, Kan.*
"A great saving of doctors' bills. Every family should have it."
—*Journal of Agriculture, St. Louis.*
AGENTS wanted to sell it in all parts of the United States. From $7 to $12 per day, clear, by active agents, both male and female.
ONLY 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE; *Sent by Express.*
For particulars address with stamp,
MARSHALL & BERRY,
ap24-26t Bainbridge, Ohio.

AVOID QUACKS.

A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. sep14-1y

RUPTURE

Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliances and Compound Elixir, 697 Broadway, N. Y. Send 15c. for book with illustrated likenesses of cases before and after cure, with the Hon. Ward Beecher's opinion, letters and portrait. Beware of traveling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no Agents. ap6-1y

INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF AND SOUND, REFRESHING SLEEP guaranteed by using my "*Instant Relief for Asthma.*" *It acts instantly and completely, relieving the paroxysm immediately,* enabling the patient to *lie down and sleep.* I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer no longer, and work and sleep as well as any one. *Warranted* to relieve in every case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, $1 per Box, and 10 cents for postage. Ask for it at your Drug Store. CHAS. B. HURST,
dec23-1y Rochester, Beaver County, Pa.

PALMER 1866
PATENTS. BEST IN USE.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE
1609 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.

DR. B. FRANK PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LIMB CO.

Commissioned by the Surgeon-General,

FOR THE U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.

DR. PALMER lives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience.

More than a thousand distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty; while still greater numbers of civilians, by their aid, fill important positions, AND EFFECTUALLY CONCEAL THEIR MISFORTUNE.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

PAMPHLETS, which contain the NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

To avoid imposition apply only to

B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,

1609 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
nov5-1f

NEVER SAY DIE!

THOUGH YOU COUGH

Till Your Heart Aches.

When the "Life Restoring" East India Remedy is at hand. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical that DR. H. JAMES'S CANNABIS INDICA is the only thing upon record which positively cures Consum

WIT AND HUMOR.

INSURANCE AGENTS.

It was with utter amazement that we read, the other day, in a morning journal, an advertisement requesting an agent of some reliable life insurance company to call on the advertiser, as he desired to take out a policy. Did that man realize what the consequences will be? Vast hordes of life-insurance agents will immediately swoop down upon that man. They will surround him at his meals; they will bore him in church; they will burst into the parlor while he is courting; they will shake him up and wake him, and pull the covers off of him while he is in bed; they will force themselves into the carriage with him when he goes to funerals; they will break in upon him at family prayers. If he closes and locks his doors, they will slide down the chimney with mortality tables; they will come up through the drain-pipe with explanations of the ten-year plan; they will wrench off the window-shutters, so as to read death-rates to him; they will shin up the water-spouts, and souse down through the trap-door in the roof with documentary evidence that the endowment-plan is the best one. If he should seclude himself on a desert island, he would hardly step ashore before he would see fifteen or sixteen hundred life-insurance agents paddling through the breakers in canoes. If he should buy a suit of submarine armor and sink himself two miles deep in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, he wouldn't touch bottom before an insurance agent would be down there in a diving-bell with a doctor, asking questions about the disease his grandmother died with, and wanting to sound his liver. If, in sheer despair, he should blow out his brains, we actually believe that half the life-insurance agents in the country would commit suicide, in order to explain the tontine system to him as soon as he got "over the river." The man has evidently made a mistake.—*Max Adeler.*

PROVIDENTIALLY DIRECTED.

Among the attendants of a late Methodist Conference was a very beautiful and intelligent-looking young lady, who drew the admiring gaze of many eyes, particularly eyes masculine, always on the look-out for pretty feminine faces. During the intermission at noon, a spruce young minister stepped up to the presiding elder, and said, with an air of secrecy:

"Did you observe the young lady who sat by the first pillar on the left?"

"Yes," said the elder, "what of her?"

"Why," said the young man, "I feel impressed that the Lord desires me to take that lady for my wife. I think she would make a good companion and helpmeet in the work of the ministry."

The elder, as a good Christian ought, had nothing to object.

But in a few moments another candidate for ministerial effects and honors, and for the name of husband, came confidentially to make known a like impression regarding the same identical young lady.

"You had better wait awhile. It is not best to be hasty in determining the source of such impressions," said the prudent elder.

And he said well; for hardly were the steps of the second youth cold at his side, ere a third approached with the same story; and while the worthy confidant still marvelled, the fourth drew near with the question:

"Did you notice the fine, noble-looking woman on your left?"

"Yes," cried the swelling elder.

"Well, sir," went on the fourth victim of that unsuspicious girl, "it is strongly borne in upon my mind that I should make proposals of marriage to that lady. He has impressed me that she is to be my wife."

The elder could stand it no longer.

"Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed, in an excited tone; "the Lord never could have intended that four men should marry that one woman!"

BUT THEY HAVE DONE IT.

A man shut up in jail, entertained a belief that he was illegally confined, and so sent for a lawyer to consult about the matter. After listening to the prisoner's story, the lawyer said, with a confident smile:

"Pshaw! man; they can't put you in jail for that."

"Can't they, though?"

"Certainly not; the thing's preposterous. They can't put a man in jail for any such action."

"But they have, though," urged the prisoner, who fully agreed with the lawyer, that they couldn't do it; but was unable to get it out of his head that he was in jail, nevertheless.

"I tell you, my dear fellow, it is impossible; they can't imprison you on a charge like that; it's against the law."

"But they *have* done it," cried the prisoner, stubbornly, and with rising anger, "and confound 'em, here I am. I want to get out."

"But I say they can't do it. If you understood the first thing about law, you would see they couldn't yourself. Mr. Blackstone says—"

"Oh—Blackstone! ain't I here, and haven't I been here for the last six weeks?"

"I tell you they can't put you in jail for this," shouted the lawyer, springing out of his chair, and growing excited himself, because his client refused to listen to the points of law in the case.

"And I tell you!" yelled the prisoner, jumping to his feet, and dancing around with excitement and exasperation, "they have done it, and I am here in jail, and likely to stay here for all of you, and what in thunder's the use in saying they can't do it."

MIXED.

That was a fearful mess in which a certain paper in this State involved two of its advertisements. The foreman, somehow or other, in placing the type in the form, got an obituary notice mixed up with a menagerie advertisement, so that the following appalling paragraph met the eye of the reader:

DIED—On the 12th instant, William H. hyena and the baby elephant McManns, at the age of six comic mules, whose loss is our gain. Professor Johnson, who enters the den of lions, affliction sore long time he places his head in the mouths of the ferocious physicians were in vain, and the performing monkeys will join him on the other shore with the gnu, which comes from the deserts of Africa, where the funeral takes place at four o'clock, and the friends of the family are invited. Admission, twenty-five cents, children to proceed to Blankwood Cemetery. Peanuts for sale on the grounds. Gone, but not forgotten.

There was anguish in that newspaper next morning.

GIFTS TO EDITORS.

An Indiana editor lays down his shears for a few minutes to write a double-leaded editorial, in which he plaintively remarks: "We are the recipients of half a peck of nice onions, two watermelons, and a bottle of ginger beer from one of our subscribers. The gifts were like the shadow of a rock in a weary land. We are glad some one remembered us in the midst of our labors and cares, and evinced that remembrance in so delicate a manner. We dote on onions, and love melons dearly, and so long as the fragrance of the former and the gripes of the latter linger about us, we shall hold the kind donor in affectionate remembrance. Of ginger beer we have never been able to speak enthusiastically, but may say that our children enjoyed it greatly, while the empty bottle added not a little to the effective force of our office armory. These little acts inspire us to renewed exertions, but our subscription price will be the same."

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Black eyes,
Brilliantly sparkle and glance;
Lashes long,
Shadow their varying dance;
A widow's cap
Covers the soft, black hair;
A crape veil
Drawn o'er the bonnet with care;
Red lips,
Fresh as a dew-laden rose,
Full cheeks
Unpaled by widow's woes,
A low voice,
Mindful of musical laugh,
A dimpled chin
Peach-like, cleft in half.
Rare grace
Moves in the sombre train;
Stranger fair,
May thy beauty ne'er wane. E.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 40.

STEVE'S BETTER-HALF.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

Not one of the boys had taken a fancy to him. He was not prepossessing in appearance nor in manner, and somehow every one of us miners that had picked away along the forks of Feather River, felt that we had made no great acquisition when he joined us. Perhaps I should except Steve Price, who took the new-comer into a sort of partnership, and they digged and smoked very amicably together. I guess we hadn't got hold of the stranger's name, before he was spoken of in camp as Steve's Better-Half—and let such a cognomen once have birth among the miners, and it ever after sticks to the person like a pitch-plaster. So that when we came to learn his name it was of no use to him, nor us. He was known among us only as "Steve's Better-Half." He was not molded in a faultless manner; he was too long for his breadth, or, if you like it better, he was too narrow for his length; but his chief failing and disqualification in camp was moody silence—for no matter what a man's personal appearance may be, if he have a cordial manner and a hamper of assorted yarns to double, twist, and unwind during dull or inclement weather, he is hailed as a Heavenly benediction to his fellow-creatures.

At this time, Feather River had drawn to its vicinity, men of every age and country. Much of the mining region thereabouts was very rich, but report had, as usual, exaggerated, and the result was, at certain hours of the day, the foot-hills in the vicinity presented all the bustle and active life of infested ant-hills.

During the day little was heard beside the *tink, tink* of the picks, the occasional shout of a lucky miner, or the laugh of a merry one, and the rush and rumble of the water in the big "big cañon." But after the day's work was over, after the sun had set and the dusk, swooping along from other sections of the country, was hunting for the Golden Peninsula, then was loosed the boisterous animal spirits too often joined with bacchanalian revelry. Wrestlers waltzed about the turf, doing their muscular best to tie themselves in beau-knots with the ends tucked under. Nor were these jousts always playful, for when distilled corn took each combatant by the ear, young blades crossed and tassels trailed in the dust; or when old rye measured and stretched its fibres, bearded heads fell by the cradle, and were unmercifully threshed against the grain.

Perhaps the least covetous of all the miners at M—— Diggings was "Steve's Better-Half." He worked steadily enough, but he did not exhibit that greed of gain seen in others. So strange, too, that Steve, with his headstrong temper, his dash and bluster, should find anything congenial in his "Better-Half."

Steve was notorious through the diggings for an inveterate gambler. Besides his jug of whiskey and allotted pouch of tobacco, he spent his entire earnings among the gamesters. And on all such expeditions, like a slim, leaning shadow, followed Steve's partner. Whether he had an interest in the play, or only went from habit, it was impossible to tell. We used to see them every evening as regular as sun-setting, go past our camp toward the "Temple," as we had named the great circular tent, where scores of "poker" and "sledge" players regularly congregated.

There were some awful fights among the mixed frequenters of this place. Nearly all of them would be more or less under the influence of liquor, and the least suspicion of a false move—sometimes even a word or look—was deemed sufficient provocation for a fight.

Our company of six partners never made a practice of visiting this pretentious booth; the few times when we had been within sufficed us. There the Mexican, the Spanish-Mexican, the Northern States-men, and those from nearer the imaginary line drawn across the globe, sat toe to toe, and held their pasteboard tournament with paper kings and queens, while the whole place reeked with an incense that would have done credit to an illy-ventilated menagerie.

One night, just at dusk, Steve went along on his old beat, and five minutes later his Better-Half took the same route. We looked after him, and some very dry witticisms at his expense were indulged in. One declared that Steve's partner was afraid to stay at home alone. Another would bet a pinch of dust that Better-Half felt a fascination in the game, but his great, light eyes were too sleepy to see through the movements. It was affirmed that he would do for a leaning tower, or a shaft of wit.

"Will you cease, boys?" says Bicknell. "I am inclined to believe that Better-Half is like a stream that you've seen, silent and sluggish, but if you should attempt to dam it—understand—it might be well to stand from under."

Let us note if he were right. We took our pipes outside to fumigate the stars; every one of our party of six having, happily, a lodestone at home to draw us toward the right, or a beacon to guide us away from the shoals and quicksands around. We could see the lights in the large tent twinkle and wink as new-comers crossed between them and our vision. We could hear other well-disposed boys laughing and chatting in groups about the slopes, and a long-necked fiddle from a ravine above gave us its finest and best tunes.

While we listened to Jim, our mysterious fiddler, who could coax his bow over the resined ends in a masterly manner, our thoughts floated to the open upper sea and carried us around the world in no time.

A sudden pistol shot and a hoarse shout from the direction of the large tent brought us to our feet. In a moment the sounds of a huge uproar came to our ears. We started into a run. Men dropped their occupations on all sides, and hastened forward to ascertain the cause of the melee. We arrived soonest, and one or two of us pushed our way inside. It was some moments before we could make anything out, the smoke was so thick and the noises so mixed up.

Then we saw Steve's "Better-Half" half-standing, half-crouching over a prostrate figure in the corner, while the blood streamed from a wound in his cheek.

"Keep back, keep back, boys," he was saying in deep, concentrated tones, "I don't want to hurt you, but I swear *I* will if you attempt to meddle with him again."

Hot blood is not readily toned down. Steve had played and staked high and lost, then quarrelled with his opponent, who in turn rose straight up as Steve called him a liar, and levelled a revolver and fired. The shot was well aimed, and would have pierced the miner's heart had not a quick eye and ready hand been swift to save. Steve's partner had bent forward and pushed him from the stool, receiving a smarting groove from the bullet along his cheek. The baffled gambler threw down his pistol and seizing his knife sprang over the table to renew the attack. But the weapon was knocked from his hand, and Steve's partner finding that the ruffian meant violence still, with one of his gutta-percha fists hit the fellow so forcibly upon the skull that you could have outlined his figure on the floor-boards in a moment. Other parties excited by liquor mingled in the fight, but Better-Half held his position with just a down and out sweep of his muscular arm.

Where were the sleepy eyes now? Not in the head of Steve's partner. His flashed like lightning.

"Get Steve out and carry him home, boys," he said, to our party. "I want to stay a little while longer, but get him out; he's too drunk to take care of himself, or to hold his tongue either." We did as we were bidden, and someway Steve's partner put the matter so that no more violence followed directly upon the affair. But there was any number of fellows who sort of sneered at Better-Half's method of warfare. They held to the idea that because he carried neither knife nor pistol he was a coward.

You know I said before, that Steve was headstrong, you will believe it when I tell you that he conceived the idea one day of descending into the cañon for some nuggets of gold which he affirmed that from one position on the precipitous shelves above, he could see glinting in the calm basin, where for a little distance the water slid silently toward a mass of rock over which and through which it leaped and brawled.

We pointed out the madness of the undertaking. But our view of the danger and impracticability of the proceeding seemed to act like an incentive to spur him on. Well, so long as he would make the attempt, a few of us thought it best to accompany him to the wild scene.

Hundreds of feet down from the rocky surface, the channel of the cañon wound through its dark, rough bed, and from the masses of quartz and lava at the mouth of the ravine there were none of us that discredited the idea of rich gold deposits being found at the bottom. But the rough, rocky descent, how could it be effected with bare shelves projecting from either side until they almost met, and the thunder of the falling water so far below.

We all expected Steve to abandon the expedition when he soberly considered the dangers of the case. We were out in our reckoning. He had brought along the necessary ropes, made the knots to suit himself, and then chose the exact point of descent.

"This is the stub around which to turn the rope; and now, boys, pay out evenly, and every one of you shall have a nugget from the Big Cañon to make a trinket for your sweetheart."

Poor Steve!

Well, he would go as soon as we had the preparations finished, and the rope slid through our unwilling fingers. Down fifty feet he came to a broad level shelf, where he could rest; but he soon signalled us to slack up, and the rope went jerk, jerk, jerk, as he slid from the second wider shelf. Twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five feet more, besides the fifty feet from the first to the second shelf, and then we discovered that the rope did not have that peculiar jerking movement, but fell slack from our hands.

"What's up?" questioned one of another.

"Something is wrong," was the reply.

Steve's partner lay flat down and peered over the face of the rock. He arose in a moment, and said in a hoarse voice:

"The rope's in a crevice all of two feet from the edge."

"What can be done?"

"It is dreadful. I don't know," was the ominous reply. "The rope can't be got out of the fissure, I suppose, nohow."

For a moment we stared aghast in each other's faces; and on the instant the darkening of the sun attracted our attention. We for the first time noticed that huge masses of black, brass-edged clouds were swimming rapidly across the sky.

"Not an instant is to be lost, boys; in twenty minutes a heavy wind will sweep through the gorge, and baffle every effort. Quick, boys, lower me on to the shelf, so that I can see what his position is."

It was Steve's partner that gave the order, and his eyes rolled red and wild and his manner was half-distracted.

Before our preparations were effected the wind was coming in irregular puffs that bespoke a rising gale. By the time that Steve's partner was lowered to the shelf, the sort of tropical storm which had been gathering for hours unheeded in our excitement, burst in its fury. A score of wild, discordant echoes were shrieking through the ravine, and we were horrified to see the slim form of Steve's partner actually roll over helplessly two or three times as he lay flat upon the shelf, and felt the full force of the tempest.

Every instant the fury of the gale increased, and we could not make out what the man below us was trying to shout. He was hugging close to the face of the rock, and crawling flatly to its outer edge. He raised his arm and tossed down the weighted line, and swung it with all his might under the shelf, but the winds laughed and shrieked at his failure, and then he lay perfectly still for a moment, only to leap frantically to his feet the next, and then he was toppled against the cliff by the fierce gusts, where by main strength upon the ropes we held him from plunging headlong into the cañon.

In an hour the winds and clouds were gone again, and as Steve's partner made no sign of moving, one of our party with sad forebodings was lowered with the remaining line to the fatal shelf. He crept to the edge of the table and looked over, and then signalled us to draw Steve's partner up first. We bruised him some in getting him up, for he was entirely unconscious.

What had Bicknell seen as he peered over the edge of the rock? Only an empty noose dangling against the cliff.

Either the wind had swung poor Steve round until he became dizzy, and so toppled him out of his seat, or what was as likely, it dashed him against the cliff—anyway he was lying with the coveted nuggets at the bottom of the cañon. And that night, to add to our dismal feelings, a storm of which the short morning tempest was the forerunner burst upon us. Tents were blown over, pans and cradles rolled helplessly into the excavations, and in a corner of our tent, Steve's partner, but half-returned to consciousness, moaned and called upon Steve to give up the undertaking, saying if he wanted money there was no need to go without it, for "I've got enough for both, Steve," he would cry out, "and I don't want it and have nobody to leave it for—take it, Steve, but don't try and go into the cañon."

Then occurred one of those strange incidents which you will not believe, and I cannot chide you, neither can I explain it; but there came a lull as full of subdued echoes as the gale had a moment before been of noises—the sides of our tent gave one or two loose, rattling slaps, and then came a wild, clear echo:

"Hen-ry Lan-dor—Hen-ry Lan-dor!" said the voice.

Steve's partner sprang up to a sitting posture with upraised hands and face like the sheeted dead. "Hen-ry Lan-dor!" every ear heard it. "Ha! ha! he calls from the cañon—that's Steve," shouted the lost man's partner, and with a wild laugh he fell back in a sort of cataleptic fit.

A week later, pale and weak, Steve's partner shouldered his pick and lost himself to us somewhere in the world outside of M—— Diggings. Whose or what was the voice that we heard calling Steve's partner in the lull of the storm, remains to this day a sealed mystery.

Minnie (aged six, to bearded Papa, who has just returned after a five years' residence in the Australian bush). "I don't like you. You are too rough; and I'm sorry you ever married into our family."

ENCOUNTER WITH BANDITS.

La Patria, of Florence, dated September 3d, gives a long and interesting account of an encounter between an American traveller and two robbers in an infamous resort known as the *Leone d'Oro*, whither the American was lured by an accidental acquaintance formed in a railroad coach while running from Ancona to Foggia. The American, whose name is Stuyvesant, found the *Leone d'Oro* to be peopled by rough-looking persons, who impressed him with grave suspicions. After retiring he was aroused by a noise at the folding doors which separated his sleeping from his sitting apartment. Mr. Stuyvesant arose, adjusted his pantaloons and inspected his revolver and a pair of brass knuckles. Nearly an hour elapsed without further noise, when the sound of footsteps in the adjoining apartment attracted his attention. Pretending to sleep soundly, Mr. Stuyvesant heard the folding doors gradually drawn apart, and then the whispering of men's voices beside his bed. One said, "Don't fear, he is asleep," whereupon the gas was lighted. Two robbers of huge build and fiery expression met Mr. Stuyvesant's gaze. They examined his valise, and, having searched his coat pockets, were about to take a package of papers with them, when the heroic foreigner bounded from his bed and demanded an explanation. A dagger was instantly aimed at him; but the American disposed of his assailant by a shot which penetrated the latter's shoulder-blade. The other robber brandished his stiletto furiously and aimed a terrible blow at the stranger's heart, which he parried with his right arm, receiving a simple flesh wound. A blow from the brass knuckles and another brought the villain to the floor.

After a number of roughs had gathered around Mr. Stuyvesant's door, the latter insisted on no one entering except the master of the hotel. The American, having locked his door, presented his pistols at the landlord, ordering him to keep quiet while he unlocked a window. From the window he jumped upon a little wooden building and escaped to the street, whence he hastened to inform the police. One of the wounded men is named Eberto Bonaccio, a notorious jail-bird and highwayman, who was at one time intimately associated with Filippo Casibianca and his gang.

The Hotel di Leone d'Oro has been confiscated, and many important arrests made.

☞ Colonel Tennie C. Claffin is said to order her sable phalanx to halt thus: "Now the very instant I stop speaking I want every man of you to stand still where he is. I will be minded. Halt!"

☞ An editor once wrote: "We have received a basket of strawberries from Mr. Smith, for which he will receive our compliments, some of which are four inches in circumference."

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Bertha Davis, of Rochester, writes to declare that American women, as a rule, don't know how to wriggle their behind bunch with grace. She finds further fault as follows:—"Your parasol, my dear, what are you doing with it? The sun is directly in your back, and you are holding that dainty article at an angle of forty-five degrees over your nose. Bless me, what a figure you cut—a perfect leaning tower, with an eruption on the back; if you could only see yourself, my dear; but then you can't, so there's no use in talking; you'll always persist in carrying your parasol in that ungraceful way, making yourself look ridiculous. Now, here comes a woman who walks, not waddles, just watch her; there's no jerking or twisting, but a smooth, billowy motion; she puts her foot down firmly, squarely, taking a step twice the length of yours, which, to her full drapery, gives an undulating motion, reminding one of the swell by the waves on the moonlit sea—a woman among a thousand, who, though plain-featured, would attract attention anywhere by her graceful carriage, her lithe, billowy form, giving to her that air of queenliness you are at a loss to explain in one who has no pretensions to beauty. She holds her parasol in such a way that it seems really a part of herself; it is neither jerked on one side nor pitched over her face, nor is she nervously jabbing every passer-by with it; she holds it firmly. That woman doesn't make an awkward appearance with her parasol coming up the street, as does my modern belle, just in advance of her; and yet, my dear, you are gotten up in faultless style—a perfect marvel of dressmakers' art; and catching a glimpse of your fair form in the plate-glass windows, you smile complacently, thinking you are doing the dip superbly, when, if you did but know it, you are outraging every sense of beauty and every line of motion, making angles where there should be curves, sharp, jerky movements that set your drapery in a flutter, giving you the appearance of a ruffled hen, when there should be only a ripple of motion."

☞ Some one wickedly says that the reason why very young girls usually take the prizes at fairs for making good bread, is because their mothers make it for them, while the older girls think they can manage alone, and fail miserably.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

J. B. R. (Stonewall, N. C.) writes: "As some have gained so much information, I am induced to ask you a few questions. 1st. If you were going to see a lady who thought more of some one at a distance than of you, how would you gain her affections? 2d. Having gained her affections what would be the proper mode of popping the question? 3d. What is the proper mode of commencing a letter to a lady whom you love? Also to a lady friend? 4th. Could a steady young man procure a situation as a machinist's apprentice and where? 5th. As the fashion seems to be to inquire, how is my penmanship? 1st. Really we cannot tell, not knowing the lady, and it is not very probable we could tell if we did know her. Probably you had better begin however by ordering THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND sent to her address regularly. 2d. Do not ask for modes of popping the question. It will pop itself in its own way, when the right time comes. 3th. Address her as "dearest," or "darling." If you want to draw it mild, or "angel of my affections" if your love is at fever heat. "My dear friend" is a good address for a lady friend. 4th. We should think there would be no difficulty, but cannot say where. 5th. Your penmanship is not of a very high order.

A. B., (Locktown, N. Y.) writes: "I wish to bother you with one or two questions. 1st. A friend of mine has a horse which weighs 900 lbs. He says he wants to get another that is a third heavier. Now what must be the weight of the second horse? Some say 1200 and others 1350 lbs. 2d. Are there any books published giving the lineage or variety of changes of all the different species of insects? For instance the Locusts, after they have their season and change into a grub, do they continue to change every year during the next seventeen, and then come back in the form of locusts? 3d. What is the significance of a sharp-ended penknife as a present from a young lady to her lover? 4th. Can a person so live during his natural life that he will be certain of gaining Heaven when he dies?" 1st. It must weigh 1200 lbs. 2d. The Locust does not change into a grub. The grub is the form of the young insect. In the case of the seventeen-year locust the grub is supposed to spend this period in an undeveloped state, only emerging in its final form at the end of that period. There are numerous works on the subject. "Figuier's Insect World" is a good popular work. 3d. The knife is supposed to cut friendship. 4th. Such is the general belief of nearly all religious sects.

M. A. D. wants to know where the lines of Goethe's are found, beginning—

"Wüsst du immer weiter schweifen?"
Sieh das gute liegt so nah!"

We are not familiar with these lines. Can any of our readers inform us?

A. R., (Philadelphia,) asks: "Will you please tell me the meaning of the last line in Byron's Maid of Athens, 'Zoe mou, sas agapo?' as I do not understand Greek." It means "My life, I love you," an expression which did not need to be disguised in Greek, as the poet might have safely counted on being appreciated in plain English.

C. N., (Newport, Pa.,) writes: "Would you be so kind as to answer the following questions: 1st. I have a game I wish to sell: it is something like the Improved Authors, (they are a card game.) What would a game of that kind be worth? 2d. What would a small air-pump cost? 3d. What power is the engine of the boat Providence, on the Fall River Line? 4th. Can a person propel a velocipede up hill? if they cannot, what is the reason? 5th. Suppose a person should invent and publish a game, but not get it copyrighted, and some other person should invent another game and take his way of playing, could he recover damages?" 1st. We cannot tell the value of your game. You must apply to a dealer in such articles to learn what it is worth. We must give the same answer to your second question. Such things vary too greatly in styles and prices for us to name any special price. 3d. We do not know. 4th. A person might do so, if the hill is not too steep, and if he is sufficiently muscular. He has his own weight and that of the velocipede to lift up the hill, and it needs considerable effort to lift a weight in this manner. 5th. No. If his game is not copyrighted any one can use it.

P. P. D., (Ohio), writes: "May I take the liberty of asking you a few questions? 1st. In 1824 the Government appropriated the sum of $100,000 and a township to General Lafayette. What State is this land in? What county and township? 2d. Does his family own that land now? 3d. Would a young man be doing wrong to attend a civil dance and take a part in it, if no be a church member? 4th. Who was the first Governor of Ohio?" This land was to be located out of any unappropriated Government land. We can find no account of its ever having been located. In 1807 Congress granted land to Lafayette, which was located near the city of New Orleans. Subsequently the same land was granted to the city. Though Lafayette had an undoubted prior claim to it, he waived his right, and allowed the city to retain it. Perhaps this experience may have hindered his locating the second grant. As to your question about dancing we cannot undertake to be conscience-keeper to our readers. If the discipline of your church forbids dancing, that will be a sufficient answer to your question. If not, you must be governed by your own sense of right and wrong. The first Governor of Ohio was named Edward Tiffin.

M. O. C., (North Star, O.,) writes: "I would ask a few questions, which I would feel grateful to see answered in your next. Will the 'Hall's Magic Compound' do as described in the Post, and what is the best hair dressing and preservative? Is there anything that will curl the hair, and what is it?" You will have to try the article mentioned for yourself, as we cannot vouch for anything which we have not personally tested. There are various hair preservatives. You might try the one we mentioned last week, whale oil. We have heard it highly recommended. A combination of potash or hartshorn with any of the aromatic oils is said to curl the hair. The ladies generally find putting-up the hair in papers the most efficacious.

A. J. G. You must remember that we have all kinds of readers, and that what pleases one will not always please another. We received a letter some time since, speaking of the very writer you condemn, as being among our best contributors. We are glad that you liked the other story so much.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RECEIPTS.

TO ROAST MOOR FOWLS.—After they are dressed and singed, fill their bodies with bread crumbs, seasoned with pepper, salt, and butter, sew up the opening, and truss them, hang them before a clear but not fierce fire, and until done through, basting frequently. Young birds will roast in three-fourths of an hour, and a full-grown bird will take from fifty to sixty minutes; serve with a brown gravy, currant jelly, and dressed potatoes.

TO ROAST A PARTRIDGE.—Prepare the bird and roast it in every respect as the moor fowl. When quite done, remove it from the fire; game is ruined if overdone. A young partridge will roast in from twenty to twenty-five minutes, and an old one may take forty minutes.

TO ROAST A PHEASANT.—To roast a pheasant proceed exactly as in roasting a moor fowl; allow from forty to fifty minutes for a full-grown pheasant; serve with browned gravy, acid jelly, and dressed potatoes.

NATURAL ROAST GOOSE.—Scald the goose in milk, and let it lay all night; stuff it with a dressing seasoned with sage, pepper, salt, summer-savory, and, if not disliked, half an onion. Roast slowly; baste with prepared gravy of browned butter, a little water and pepper, and make a gravy of the bastings without using the drippings, or port wine gravy, seasoned with mustard, salt, cayenne, browned butter, and slightly thickened with the yolk of an egg. Serve with hot slaw, dressed potatoes, boiled onions, and dressed turnips.

GREEN GOOSE ROASTED.—Put in the inside sage, onions, salt, Cayenne and butter; roast well; baste with butter, and brown; serve with a nice, rich gravy.

CORN STARCH BLANC MANGE.—1 quart of milk, 4 tablespoonfuls corn starch, wet in a little cold water; 3 eggs well beaten, whites and yolks separately; 1 cup of sugar; vanilla, lemon, or other essence; 1 saltspoonful salt. Heat the milk to boiling; stir in the corn starch and salt and boil together five minutes (in a farina kettle;) then add the yolks, beaten light, with the sugar; boil two minutes longer, stirring all the while; remove the mixture from the fire, and beat in the whipped whites while it is boiling hot. Pour into a mould wet with cold water, and set in a cold place. Eat with sugar and cream.

QUINCE SNOW.—One-third of pound of quince marmalade, to be stirred with six ounces of sugar into a froth. Half an hour before serving, stir in carefully the whites of ten eggs, previously beaten to a stiff snow; pile up the mixture in the form of a pyramid upon a china dish, and bake it with a moderate heat to a pale yellow color.

SPERM-SPOTS may be extracted with a knife; then lay soft paper, and place a warm iron over the spots; then rub them with brown paper.

TO EXTRACT GREASE, PAINT, &c.—For paint on cloth, fresh burning fluid rubbed in with a tooth brush takes away every trace, and leaves no smell; for silk, &c., it should be rubbed till dry, to prevent its leaving a stain.

AN ECONOMICAL DESSERT.—Take the yelks of four eggs and beat till light, adding four spoonfuls of sugar. Boil one quart of milk and season with rose or vanilla; pour this mixture on stale sponge cake. Beat the whites light, sweeten and flavor to taste; pour on the top, having rubbed or put on currant jelly when cold. Put it on ice a couple of hours before serving.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 52, 22, 17, 43, 35, 2, is the name of a classic poet.
My 54, 3, 23, 45, was a Roman emperor.
My 33, 12, 18, 42, 50, is the name of a river.
My 11, 41, 43, 6, 28, is the name of an animal.
My 9, 16, 5, 53, is the name of a flower.
My 47, 8, 40, is a kind of tree.
My 25, 49, 27, 46, 8, 20, is a boy's name.
My 1, 32, 45, 37, 30, 13, 9, is a relation.
My 45, 51, 19, 41, 10, 2, is one of the books of the Old Testament.
My 39, 41, 38, 31, 4, 32, 51, 42, 34, is one of the books of the New Testament.
My 26, 47, 23, 9, 6, 36, 29, is the name of a celebrated actor.
My whole is a verse from the Bible.

LENA.

BURIED CITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. We will either visit the capes this morning, or else during the day ride out to the sea shore.
2. While on the hill-top I saw a large ravine below.
3. My friend Robert will start very soon for Kentucky or Kansas.
4. The hero met and slew a valiant giant.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A river.
A number.
Fresh.

II.

A color.
A part of the day.
A cave or hollow.

W. S. C.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The first illuminates the night,
The second's a meteoric light;
The third we should use for the best;
The fourth's a noted city west;
The fifth resembles much a man;
The sixth is a prince in a distant land.
The initials of these united proclaim,
A great and well-known poet's name.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men, A and B, bought jointly 100 eggs. If the number of A's be divided by 8, and the number of B's divided by 10, the quotients and remainders will be all equal. Required—the number belonging to each.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

PROBLEM FOR BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A boy had 20 cents given him to buy 20 birds. He was to buy pigeons, larks and sparrows; the pigeons cost 4 cents a piece, the larks ½ cent a piece, and the sparrows ¼ cent a piece; how many of each kind did he get?

HENRY A. WINSLOW.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA.—
The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.

CHARADES.—1. C. (Sea,) ash, cash. 2. Maine-land, mainland.

WORD SQUARES.—

I.	II.	III.
MOON	SARA	PARIS
OBOE	ADAM	ABATE
OOZE	RARE	RAVEN
NEED	AMEN	ITEMS
		SENSE

IV.	V.
LAZY	AXIS
ALEE	XYST
ZEAL	ISLE
YELL	STEM

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—The hound must take 300 leaps.